

READ THE SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS ON PAGES 14, 15 and 16.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 27.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1903.

One Penny.

FOR FASHIONABLE MOURNING :

Remember that

Courtauld's Crape

Is Waterproof,

and therefore

IS NOT DAMAGED
BY A SHOWER.

The only "Grand Prix" given at the Paris Exhibition,
1900, to English Silk Manufacturers was awarded to
Courtauld's Waterproof Crape.

STOCKED BY THE LEADING DRAPERS
OF THE WORLD.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA.

A First-Class Modern Hotel, within 45 minutes from
London by Queen's Express, leaving Fenchurch Street
at 5.15 daily. Other good trains from St. Pancras.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.



The Manager begs to announce that he has made attractive
arrangements for suitable Christmas Entertainments.

INCLUSIVE TERMS FROM 11/6 PER DAY.

Special Terms can be arranged for a lengthened stay.

For Programme of Entertainments and further particulars, apply

O. R. GORING, Manager.

It is advisable to write for rooms early.

Brings Beauty to every Face.

DR. MACKENZIE'S

Complexion Soap

Preserves a fine complexion and restores a poor
one, making it soft and smooth, and removing
all blemishes. Tell your Chemist you must have
"Mackenzie's." A box containing three 1/-
tablets, delicately perfumed, sent post free for
Postal Order 2/6. Write to-day.

S. HARVEY & CO., 2 and 4, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

THE FISCAL RED BOOK.

COMPLETE GUIDE TO
THE CONTROVERSY.

READY on SATURDAY NEXT.

Price 3d.

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS
AND BOOKSTALLS.

Price 3d.

INDIAN TEAK PARQUET FLOORINGS.

MOST DURABLE FLOOR COVERING

from 3d. a foot.

Solid OAK Panellings.

HOWARD and SONS, Ltd.,

Manufacturers,

25, 26, and 27, BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will be CLOSED for town TO-MORROW (Thursday), the 3rd December, and for the Continent and the country on Friday, the 4th day of December, 1903.

G. BEER (Limited).

Paris: 7, Place Vendôme; London: 31, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W.; Nice: 8, Avenue Massena; and Monte Carlo: Avenue de la Madone.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.)

Share Capital - £480,000,

DIVIDED INTO

240,000 SEVEN PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES of £1 each, with right to an additional dividend, as mentioned below.

240,000 ORDINARY SHARES of £1 each. The whole of the Ordinary Shares and 35,000 Preference Shares will be allotted as fully paid in part payment of the purchase money.

A prospectus of the above Company is being issued by Messrs. Chalmers, Guthrie, and Co. (Limited), of 9, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, invite Subscriptions at par for the remaining 240,000 SEVEN PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES of £1 each (with participation in surplus profits),

Payable as follows:

On application	5s. per share.
On allotment	5s. " "
On the 1st February, 1904	5s. " "
On the 1st March, 1904	5s. " "
	£1 0 0

Payment may be made in full on allotment, and interest will be allowed on the amounts prepaid at 4 per cent. per annum.

The directors will not proceed to allotment unless the whole of the amount now offered (which is the minimum subscription) is subscribed.

The Preference shares confer the right to a fixed cumulative preferential dividend at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, which is intended to pay half-yearly on 1st January and 1st July in each year, the first payment to be made on the 1st July, 1904, and also (subject to the payment of a non-cumulative dividend at the rate of seven per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares) to a non-cumulative dividend of three per cent. per annum out of the remaining net profits of the company.

The cumulative dividend of seven per cent. per annum is guaranteed for five years by Messrs. Beer and Badin, and £80,000 will be invested in English trustees' securities or French Government securities, in the joint names of Chalmers, Guthrie and Co. (Ltd.), and J. T. B. Sewell (of the firm of Sewell and Maugham, Solicitors, Paris), as trustees for the holders of the Preference shares, as further security for the guarantee, and Messrs. Beer and Badin have covenanted to maintain same at that amount throughout the period of five years.

The Preference shares will have priority over the Ordinary shares as regards capital, and no Debenture debt will be created unless authorised by a resolution of three-fourths in value of the Preference shareholders present or represented at a special general meeting of Preference shareholders.

The working capital, including stock as valued by M. Rémond, and the profits of the business from 1st July, 1903, to 18th November, 1903, estimated by M. Beer to amount to £22,500, less the interest payable to him, but not including the value of the fixtures and fittings, will amount to £105,000, subject, however, to the payment of the registration fees, stamp duty, brokerage, and cost of transfer of the business.

DIRECTORS.

RICHARD RABBIDGE, F.C.A., Director of PETER ROBINSON (Ltd.), The Weir House, Teddington (Chairman).

Walter Thorpe Haddock, Director of MAPPIN and WEBB (Ltd.), North Leigh, Wandsworth (Vice-Chairman).

Camille Bloch, Manager of WILLIAM WHITELEY (Ltd.) (Paris Branch), 27, Avenue d'Eylau, Paris.

Fredk. Jessel Benson, Merchant, Director of HACKETT'S FURNISHING CO. (Ltd.), 15, Belvedere, N.W.

John Henry Phipps, Partner of RUSSELL and ALLEN, Court Dressmakers, Old Bond-street, W.

Gustave Beer, Couturier, 7, Place Vendôme, Paris.

Managing Director of G. Beer, 7, Place Vendôme, Paris, Assistant Managing Director.

BANKERS.

Farr's Bank (Limited), Bartholomew-lane, E.C., and Branches: Martin's Bank (Limited), 68, Lombard-street, E.C.

BROKERS.

London: Laing and Cruickshank, 3, Drapers'-garden, E.C., and Stock Exchange; Fremantle and Riggs, 7, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C., and Stock Exchange. Sheffield: Christopher Barber and Son, Alliance Chambers, and Stock Exchange.

SOLICITORS.

Caprons, Hitchens, Brabant, and Hitchens, Savile-place, Conduit-street, W.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES (Pro Tem.).

James Nicolson, 31 and 32, Broad-street-avenue.

The Prospectus states among other things that this company has been acquired as a going concern and to extend the important business of M. Gustave Beer, the renowned Couturier, Robe, Mantle, and Costume Maker, carried on at 7, Place Vendôme, Paris, with branches at Nice and Monte Carlo, and in Sackville-street, Piccadilly, London.

The business, which has been established for many years, has made uninterrupted and rapid progress during the last five years, and is now of universal repute in the most fashionable circles, with an extensive clientele amongst the aristocratic and wealthy classes both in Europe and America, the bad debts during the last five years not exceeding 2 per cent. of the sales.

The situation of the establishment in the Place Vendôme is recognised as one of the finest in Paris for a business of this kind, the premises in London, and also in Nice and Monte Carlo, are well situated and adapted for the trade.

The increasing prosperity of the business is shown by the following certificate of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse, and Company, who have examined the books and accounts for the last five years:

To the proposed Directors of G. Beer (Limited),

3, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, E.C.

25th September, 1903.

Gentlemen—We beg to report that we have attended at the office of Monsieur Gustave Beer, in Paris, and examined his books, with the object of ascertaining the profits earned in his dressmaking business during the five years ending 31st December, 1902. We find that before charging manager's remuneration and without including interest received, but after providing for bad and doubtful debts and for necessary depreciation, the net profits were as follows:

For the year ending 31st Dec., 1902	£ 15,005 6 9
" " " " " " " " " "	1903 " 28,538 16 2
" " " " " " " " " "	1904 " 30,210 12 12
" " " " " " " " " "	1901 " 43,513 18 9
" " " " " " " " " "	1902 " 54,201 6 9

(The exchange has been calculated at the rate of 25 to the £.)

We find that the sales for the six months ending 30th June, 1903, were in excess of those for the corresponding period of the previous year,

We are, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,
PRICE, WATERHOUSE, and CO.

As shown in the above certificate, the net profits for 1902 amounted to £28,538 16 2. To pay the dividend of 7 per cent. on the Preference shares will require..... 16,900 0 0

Leaving, on the figures for 1902, a balance of..... £37,401 6 9

for directors' and managers' remuneration, expenses of registered office, reserve fund, dividend on Ordinary shares, and further dividend on Preference shares.

The Cumulative Dividend of 7 per cent. is guaranteed by Messrs. Beer and Badin, and by the fund of £20,000 as before mentioned.

The business will be taken over by the Company as from July 1st, 1903, subject to, and with the benefit of all Contracts made and profits accruing as from that date, the Vendor discharging all liabilities up to that date.

In the opinion of Messrs. Beer and Badin and of the Directors, the Working Capital which, as mentioned above, the Company will have at its command when this issue has been made, will be sufficient for the successful carrying on of the business.

It will be observed from the accountants' certificate that the sales for the first six months of the present year exceeded that for the corresponding period of last year, and Messrs. Beer and Badin consider that there is every reason to expect that the business will continue to increase.

M. Gustave Beer has agreed to be a director of the company for a period of eight years, during three years of which he will act as managing director, and M. L. Badin, who has been connected with the building up of the business from its inception, has entered into an agreement to remain with the company as managing director, or assistant managing director, for a period of 10 years, thus securing the continuity of the same prosperous management as hitherto.

It is proposed to retain the services of the experienced staff of assistants and employees selected by Messrs. Beer and Badin, and carefully trained for the business under their supervision.

Applicants received from the customers of the house and from members of the staff will have a preference in the Allotment.

The different premises are held for the following periods, namely:—

Paris for twenty years from 1st January, 1900, with option to purchase in 1915 or 1920 the freehold of the property included in the lease; London for about twenty years from June, 1902; Nice for fifteen years from October, 1901; and Monte Carlo for nine years from July, 1902. On the expiry of the lease of the Monte Carlo premises, it is intended to take larger premises.

The qualification of a director, other than the managing and assistant managing director, is the holding of shares of the nominal amount of £500.

UNDERWRITERS.

Date.	Name.	Prof. Shrs. of £1 each
25-11-03	Frederick J. Benson, Merchant	55,100
25-11-03	Chalmers, Guthrie, and Co. (Ltd.), Merchants	20,000
25-11-03	Laing and Cruickshank, Stock Exchange	32,600
4-11-03	Rowe and Pitman, Stock Exchange	16,800
2-11-03	Fremantle and Riggs, Stock Exchange	14,700
4-11-03	Vertue, Lubbock, and Co. Stock Exchange	5,000
16-11-03	Alfred L. Reynolds, Stock Exchange	1,000
17-11-03	Sidney Ellis, Stock Exchange	1,000
26-11-03	Fielding, Lewis, and Ruchman, Silk Ex.	1,400
17-11-03	Christopher Barber and Son, Sheffield and Stock Exchange	1,300
27-11-03	Lazenby Brothers and Partners, Stock Ex.	1,000
27-11-03	Industrials (Anglo-French) (Ltd.)	2,500
21-11-03	Sewell and Maugham	5,900
20-11-03	Gustave Beer	10,000
7-10-03	John Henry Phipps	5,000
2-11-03	Michael Siegenberg	1,000
21-11-03	Nancy D'Alejandro	1,000
2-11-03	Richard Rabbidge	3,000
2-11-03	Walter Thorpe Haddock	3,000
25-11-03	Joseph Rémond	3,000
26-11-03	Camille Bloch	2,500
2-11-03	James A. H. MacNaughton	2,000
20-11-03	W. Stanley Hitchens	2,000
2-11-03	George Whitechurch	2,000
2-11-03	Ludovic Badin	4,000
20-11-03	Alex. S. Newington	1,000
21-11-03	Ernest Deen	1,000
19-11-03	Albert Bowden	1,000
20-11-03	Ernest M. Clarke	1,000
13-11-03	Malcolm A. Morris	625
25-10-03	Edgar Anderson	500
9-11-03	Octavius D. Deacon	500
7-11-03	William Longman	500
21-11-03	Arthur B. Casdron	500
3-11-03	Alfred C. Mitchell	500
20-11-03	Charles A. Delastre	400
20-11-03	A. Maxine Delastre	200
Total		205,000

The agreements, mentioned in the prospectus, indentures, and leases, together with the accountants' certificate, together with copy of the memorandum and articles of association of the company, may be seen at the office of the solicitors or the Solicitors at any time during ordinary business hours on any day before the subscription lists are closed.

The company will pay to brokers and banking houses a brokerage of 6d. per share on all shares allotted on forms bearing their names.

Applications for shares should be made on the form accompanying the prospectus, and forwarded to the company's bankers, together with a remittance for the deposit payable on application. If no allotment is made, the amount deposited on application will be returned without deduction, and if a less number of Shares is allotted than applied for, the amount deposited will be applied in reduction of the amount payable on allotment, and the balance (if any) will be returned.

Failure to pay any future instalment on the Shares allotted when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Applications will be made to the Committee of the London Stock Exchange for a settlement and quotation of the Preference Shares.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, Messrs. Chalmers, Guthrie, and Co. (Ltd.), or the Solicitors of the Company, and at the Registered Office.

This advertisement is not issued for the purpose of inviting subscriptions for Shares, but by way of information only, and no application will be entertained unless same are made on the footing, and with reference to, the full Prospectus. Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained as above, or by telegram to "Rebate-ment London."

COLEMAN'S "WINCARNIS."

The FINEST TONIC and Restorative in the World.

Over 6,000 Testimonials received from Medical Men.



A BULWARK AGAINST INFLUENZA.

COLEMAN & CO. Limited, Norwich and London.

Sample Bottle sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

(Please mention this paper.)

PLENTY OF GOOD SERVANTS



Grumble if they have too much work. We lighten their labours, and make mistress and servants happier. To do this we supply "ST. IVEL" XMAS PLUM PUDDINGS ready cooked in basins, so that there is no bother in cleaning fruit, mixing or cooking, and the quality is perfect, as only the best fruits are used.

Sold by all Grocers at 1/-, 1/6, 2/-, 3/-, and 4/- each.

Sample pudding sent direct from the makers on receipt of 1/-

APLIN AND BARRETT (etc.) LTD., YEovil, SOMERSET.

FOR THE WINTER.

Special Rates for Exportation. Any Length Sold.



Patterns with Self-Measurement Forms and Price Lists Post Free.

Egerton Burnett's Royal Sergees

look well, last long, and are for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, in Navy Blue, Black, Crimson, Grey, Green, Purple, Cream, etc. Various Prices, and in Light Weights for Warm Climates.

Dress Fabrics, Reversible Tweeds, Blouse Flannels, Scotch Winceys, Warm Charity Undershirts at 3/9; Rugs from 3/3; Wool Shawls from 1/8; etc. Ladies' Costumes from 26/-; Girls' Dresses from 9/-; Gentlemen's Suits from 35/-; Overcoats from 28/3; and Boys' Suits from 10/6 to measure.

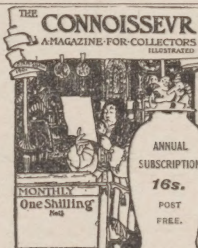
From 30/-, to measure, with velvet collar.

Address: EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd., M. Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset, Eng.

The CONNOISSEUR.

THE MAGAZINE DE LUXE.

December Issue, Just Out, 1/-



December Issue, Just Out, 1/-

THE MAGAZINE DE LUXE.

The CONNOISSEUR.

Turner's Tamarind Emulsion

Take a Bottle home to-night. 30 drops on lump sugar will drive away your cough or cold at once.

Bottles 1/1 at Chemists, or write to: THE HARVEY-TURNER CO. LTD., The Laboratory, Newcomen St., Borough, S.E.



HAWKSLEY'S AIDS for the DEAF

May be seen and tested WITHOUT CHARGE. Or a profusely illustrated Catalogue of 36 pages will be forwarded post free for 6 stamps.

Sole Address: T. HAWKSLEY 357, OXFORD ST. W.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Gusty and cold northerly winds; frequent squalls of sleet or snow; fair and frosty intervals.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.35.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, moderate; North Sea, very rough; Irish Channel, moderate to rough.

The Daily Mirror.

PAGE 3.

336th Day of Year.

Wednesday, Dec. 2, 1903.

29 days to Dec. 31.

1903.	December.			
Sun.	6	13	20	27
Mon.	7	14	21	28
Tues.	8	15	22	29
Wed.	2	9	16	23
Thurs.	3	10	17	24
Fri.	4	11	18	25
Sat.	5	12	19	26

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.

Lord Helmsley, who is Lord Feversham's heir, and who is to be married next month to Lady Marjorie Greville, Lady Warwick's daughter, broke his collar-bone yesterday. He was hunting with the Cottesmore, and had a bad fall. He hopes, however, to be quite well again in a few weeks.

Princess Henry of Battenberg opened a three days' bazaar yesterday afternoon at the Bishop Wilson Memorial Hall, Upper-street, N., in aid of the restoration of the Parish and Borough Church of Islington.

To-day, at the House of Lords, Miss Bertha Cave, of Croydon, will appeal against the refusal of the Benchers of Gray's Inn to admit her as a student and to permit her to read for the Bar. She claims that there is no reason why a woman should not be a barrister except out-of-date prejudice and tradition.

The West African mail steamer, Sokoto, which was due at Plymouth on Sunday, arrived there yesterday afternoon, having been delayed by storms. Her deck cargo of fruit had been swept overboard.

Mr. Charles Flowitt's champion "Bellevue Surprise," a curly-coated retriever, was adjudged the best sporting dog at Birmingham Show yesterday, and takes the National Challenge Bowl.

Alderman Thomas Cobay, J.P., several times Mayor of Hythe, died late on Monday night.

It is reported that the late Mr. Seale-Hayne has left residue estate amounting to over £100,000 for the purpose of establishing a college of science, art, and literature in Devonshire.

Bernard White, late of the Essex Regiment, who murdered a woman at Warley Gap, was hanged at Chelmsford yesterday.

The next Session of Parliament will commence, the Central News states, during the first week in February.

Mr. Vierville de Crespigny, who met with an accident whilst hunting with the Pychley Hounds, has had another relapse, and his condition is considered serious.

The Duchess of Beaufort motored to Bristol yesterday and opened a Wesleyan bazaar.

The Earl of Dysart has given £50 towards the expenses of the Lincoln and Fife Borough Triennial Musical Festival, which will cost £400.

An appeal is being made for £4,000, with which to repair the Alexandra Palace, buy the lake and 14½ acres adjoining, and to liquidate loans.

Lord Welby, chairman of the Finance Committee of the London County Council, says that he considers the financial position of that body stronger than that of the State.

Lord Onslow, speaking at the annual dinner of the Darlington Chamber of Agriculture yesterday, said he had in contemplation the appointment of a staff of correspondents throughout the country who knew the farmers and their own districts, and who would communicate with the Board of Agriculture.

Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Colonial Secretary, presided last night at a farewell Australian dinner given to Lord Northcote, the new Governor-General of the Commonwealth, at the Trocadero Restaurant.

The East Goodwin lighthouse was damaged in a collision with a steamship last night.

A supplement to the "London Gazette" issued last night gives a list of nearly 200 retired Civil Servants not belonging to the clerical or administrative branches to which the King has granted the Imperial Service Medal.

The London Football Association has agreed to legalise professionalism.

The London Chamber of Commerce has started classes in Chinese under Mr. R. W. Hurst, B.A., Barrister-at-Law, and late British Consul at Foochow.

Two little children were burnt to death yesterday in a small tenement in City Garden-row, Islington.

Colonial.

Sir James Lee Steere, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly in Western Australia since 1886, died yesterday at Perth (W.A.).

Mr. Ross, the Premier of Ontario, speaking at Toronto in favour of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, said that it would never do to make Canada dependent on a trade treaty with the United States while they had preferential trade within the Empire offered them.

Sir H. Gould-Adams, Lieutenant-Governor of the Orange Colony, left Bloemfontein yesterday for Cape Town, whence he will probably sail for England, for the benefit of his health.

Political.

Mr. Balfour has issued summonses for a meeting of the Cabinet, which will be held at the Foreign Office on Friday.

Mr. Walter Long, M.P., speaking last night at the annual dinner of the Bristol and District Trade Protection Association, said that he favoured compensation for licence-holders who had conducted fairly a business which was ruthlessly destroyed.

Mr. Geo. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, speaking at Workington last night, said that all wage earners wished security of employment. Fiscal change was desirable because there was an alliance between all other nations to cut us out of the trades most vital to our existence.

At Cardiff yesterday Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking on the fiscal question, said that the proposals of the Tariff Reform League were distinguished by their indistinctness.

Foreign.

The Italian sculptor, Ernesto Bondi, has accepted the execution of the monument to be erected to the memory of Leo XIII.

Herr Mayer, formerly burgomaster of Oberammergau, who is well known in connection with his striking performance of the part of Christ in the Oberammergau Passion Plays, died at Munich yesterday.

The International Skating Union has decided to hold the 1904 contest for the world's championship in figure skating in Berlin.

The organ of M. Jaurès, the French Socialist leader, says it is reported that the examination of the Dreyfus dossier has led to the conviction that no real proof, material or moral, exists against ex-Captain Dreyfus.

Several of the British M.P.'s visiting Paris have, says the "Figaro," approached the Minister of Commerce as to a reduction of telegraphic and postal rates between France and Great Britain. M. Trouillot, in principle, favours the idea, but thinks the British Government ought to reduce its parcels post rates.

Sir Mortimer Durand, the New British Ambassador, has arrived at Washington.

About £40 worth of brilliants, pearls, and rubies have been found in the cell occupied by Romain Daurignac, brother of Mme. Humbert, in the prison at Poissy.

Wild speculation took place in the New York Cotton Market yesterday, many of the leading brokers completely losing their heads.

Seven thousand men of the Chinese Army have been placed under a Japanese instructor and partially equipped with modern weapons and uniforms.

Three negroes who had been arrested on the charge of fatally shooting a white citizen of Belcher, Louisiana, U.S.A., on Sunday, were lynched yesterday.

Law and Police Courts.

At York Assizes yesterday Charles Wm. Ashton, a farm labourer, aged nineteen, was sentenced to death for the murder of Annie Marshall, a domestic servant. He was recommended to mercy on account of his youth.

The two Conduit-street jewel robbers, one of whom was identified by his finger-print, were sentenced to twelve months' hard labour at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday.

Court



Circular.

Sandringham, Tuesday, Dec. 1.

To-day is the Queen's birthday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Charles of Denmark, with their Royal Highnesses' children, visited her Majesty this morning to offer their congratulations.

Captain G. Holford and Captain F. Ponsonby have succeeded Colonel A. Davidson and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. C. Legge as Equerries-in-Waiting to the King.

Their Majesties' dinner party this evening included their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princess Victoria, Princess Charles of Denmark, the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, the Marquis de Soveral, Count Albert Mendorff-Pouilly, the Earl and Countess Cadogan, Earl and Countess Howe, Earl de Grey, Viscount Vallerot, Sir Richard and Lady Cynthia Graham, Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. W. James, Mr. Montague Guest, and the Rev. Canon Hervey.

JAPAN'S EX-PREMIER.

Supposed Assassin Arrested at his Villa.

A CONCEALED DAGGER

Outcome of the War Frenzy Against Russia.

Reuter's telegrams from Japan last night state that a Japanese medical student, who was observed to be haunting the Marquis Ito's villa at Oio, has been arrested on suspicion of intending to assassinate the Marquis.

The affair, the correspondent adds, may be the outcome of the suggestions which have lately appeared in the Yellow Press representing the assassination of Ministers as a patriotic action, which would have the effect of forcing the Government to adopt a more warlike policy.

The student had a dagger concealed under his kimono.

The Marquis Ito is one of the group of elder or veteran statesmen of Japan, of which he has been Premier more than once.

His acquaintance with England is greater than that of most statesmen in the Far East. As a young man, and an exile from his own country, he came here under romantic circumstances, and his recent visit, after he had risen to great eminence, afforded opportunities for giving him distinguished welcome. His sojourn here had much to do with the Anglo-Japanese treaty which is now the most formidable obstacle to Russian designs in the East. Oio, where the Marquis Ito's villa is situated, might be called the Eastbourne of Tokio, from which it is about forty miles distant.

There many rich Japanese reside in fine villas set in a charming country side. They are within easy reach of the sea and also of the hot mineral baths.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

Reuter's Tokio correspondent telegraphed yesterday morning that at a mass meeting of the Metropolitan section of the Seiyu-kai, or Constitutional Association, founded by Marquis Ito about three years ago, a resolution was passed denouncing the delay in the negotiations with Russia, and urging their speedy prosecution.

The Russian Legation at Peking has received an intimation that Admiral Alexieff, the Viceroy of the Far East, will leave Port Arthur to-day for St. Petersburg, to consult with the Imperial authorities regarding the negotiations with Japan, which are expected to last some months longer.

FEMALE MISER.

Found Dead Amid a Collection of Meat Tins and Biscuit Boxes.

The Slough police have just had to deal with an extraordinary case of starvation in the midst of plenty.

Mrs. Sarah Chutter was an old lady of miserly habits, who had lived separated from her husband for several years. Mr. Chutter provided her with a house, paid her rates and taxes, and allowed her a pound a week. On Friday and on Monday his agent attempted to enter the villa where Mrs. Chutter resided. He knocked and rang till he was tired. No answer came from within. Then he fetched the police.

A ladder was obtained and applied to the rear of the premises. Police-sergeant Caswell was the first to ascend. Looking into the old lady's bedroom, he discovered her lying on the floor amid a perfect litter of old newspapers, corks, bottles, tins, and empty match-boxes.

Breaking open the doors of the house, the police-sergeant made his way to the bedroom. Mrs. Chutter was quite dead.

The old lady was barefoot, but otherwise dressed. On searching the house a curious spectacle met the gaze of the intruders. Every room was strewn with discarded meat tins and biscuit boxes whose contents had long grown mouldy and offensive. Thousands of old newspapers were scattered up and down the house.

But, strangest of all, was the old lady's bedroom. Along the wall were nailed several rusty bedraggled ostrich feathers, a number of fingerless gloves, and rows of posters announcing

athletic meetings and theatrical performances long since forgotten. Playbills and concert programmes, pictures from the illustrated papers, and soiled Christmas cards completed this heterogeneous collection. Three brown veils of a bygone fashion were nailed across the windows, and the skeleton of a crinoline, from which the silk had faded, stood in a corner, witnessing to the finery of an era long dismissed.

The cupboards and drawers were full of fine linen and moth-eaten garments that had graced the ballrooms and assemblies of the lady's youth. In the sitting-room stood valuable furniture of an antique pattern.

The body, like the house, was indescribably filthy and neglected, and its extreme emaciation suggests that death was due to starvation, although it is known that Mrs. Chutter was possessed of a considerable hoard, which she had invested in Consols.

An inquest will be held to-morrow afternoon.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Her Majesty Spends a Quiet Day at Sandringham.

The Queen's fifty-ninth birthday was very quietly celebrated yesterday at Sandringham. Wintry weather prevailed, and there were heavy falls of snow at intervals. However, a bright burst of sunshine relieved the gloom in the morning.

Her Majesty was early the recipient of many personal congratulations, while by post and telegraph messages came in shoals. The Queen displayed much interest in these expressions of goodwill, which arrived from all quarters of the globe, and were even more numerous than usual. Her Majesty was engaged personally throughout the morning in sending graceful acknowledgments.

The presents formed a beautiful collection. The King's gift was a splendid portrait of his Majesty in military uniform, painted on opal and framed in gold.

The birthday cake, made and presented by Czanyos, the Court confectioner, was in two large tiers, surmounted by a vase holding real flowers, and bearing shields with her Majesty's initials, and a birthday greeting. It was beautifully ornamented with roses, violets, lilies, and marmalades, the Queen's favourite flowers.

His Majesty and several guests went out shooting in Avenue Wood, experiencing excellent sport.

In the afternoon all the children on the estate were entertained to tea by the Queen in the respective schools.

The King and Queen dined *en famille*.

AN APPEAL TO CUPIDITY.

Two important proclamations have been made to the Somali tribes with reference to the advance against the Mullah.

In the first, issued to the tribes of British Somaliland, Colonel Swayne warns them that the tribesmen will be held collectively responsible for individual deserters. In the second, addressed to tribes who are aliens of the British Government, or under our protection, Major-General Egerton, commanding the Somaliland Field Force, promises the distribution of part of the Mullah's spoils to those who have done good service.

This division of spoils (says Reuter) is mainly based on the tribal custom of the country, and it is of the first importance to teach the tribes that "it does not pay to be disloyal." Unless this lesson is ruthlessly inculcated there will be the recurring danger of other holy men arising to give the lead to tribes to whom war is the zest and flavour of life.

If any value can be attached to the gossip in the bazaars it would appear that public opinion among the natives is slowly veering round in our favour.

CONGRESS OF CATS.

Over four hundred and fifty cats are in possession of the Old Central Hall, Birmingham. They have been obliged to forsake the comforts of the domestic hearth in order to seek honours for their owners at the show promoted by the Midland Counties Cat Club, of which Lady Marcus Beresford is president.

Famous specimens from all parts of the country came under the critical eyes of the judges, two of whom were ladies.

Kew Ronald, a cream male cat, bred by Mrs. Norris, of Kew Green, is adjudged the best long-haired cat in the show, and claims the silver medal presented by the Cat Club. The medal for the best short-hair is awarded to the champion Ballochmyle Red Prince, the property of Lady Alexander, Fay Gate, Sussex.

One of the specimens attracting most attention is the wonderful chinchilla, Faida, which has won some 150 prizes for her owner, Lady Davies, of Birchington.

PRINCESS ALICE OF BOURBON

Complete Disproof of the Cruel Elopement Story.

WHY SHE LEFT HER HOME.

We have received, authenticated by an authoritative source, a full statement from the Princess Alice de Bourbon (the Princess of Schoenburg-Waltenburg) of the reasons why she left her husband's home. It refutes absolutely the story of her so-called "elopement" which caused so much sensation when reported from Dresden and Berlin a week ago.

The Princess says she has parted with her husband on the ground of incompatibility, and she had heard with astonishment the Berlin story that she had eloped with her coachman.

The correspondent of the "Eclair de Nice" called at the Villa Moresco at Sorì, near Genoa, where the Princess is staying. She was at first "not at home," but a certain "M. de Spa," who lets Princess Alice the apartment she occupies, gave the journalist some interesting information.

He said the Princess had been there five months; and that she had voluntarily quitted Germany to escape the brutalities of her husband. He said the false news as to an elopement had been spread by a Dresden journal, against whom the Princess was about to bring an action. The statements were nothing but a tissue of lies.

"The Princess is a victim in this affair, there is no doubt," said "M. de Spa."

The Princess's Story.

Later in the evening, when Don Jaime de Bourbon had arrived, the Princess decided to see the newspaper man.

"They say I have eloped," she said. "That is wrong. It had been agreed, since harmony was impossible between us, that the Prince and I should separate. But beforehand, as I wished to avoid annoyances in the future, I begged my husband to sign a document in which he authorised me to quit him. This he did without raising any difficulty.

"I then left the Castle of Stadelhof on June 27 last, together with several persons in my service, among them the coachman and his wife.

"My husband even accompanied me to the railway station. You must admit that for a 'flight' it was conducted under singular conditions. I came direct to Sorì, and from here I went to Rome to ask of the Cardinals the annulment of my marriage. They told me that the formalities would be long, that they would drag on through many months.

"But all that was indifferent to me; the essential thing for me was to be far away from my husband, and I have no intention of re-marriage. A little later I came back to Sorì, and it is only during the last few days that my pretended flight has been mentioned.

"I suspect who has directed this blow, but I shall only attack the newspaper which has lent itself to the manoeuvre."

The Prince's Debts.

Then the Princess proceeded to explain the reasons which obliged her to quit the Castle, and added that now her husband was doing all in his power to prevent the divorce. The Princess was obliged to sell her jewels, and, further, yield up to her husband the Castle of Stadelhof, part of her "dot." This was done to help in the payment of his gambling debts.

Princess Alice continued: "Gambling has swallowed up large sums, but there still remains to my husband his family inheritance. My own fortune has also been greatly reduced—to such an extent, indeed, that I have been obliged to dismiss my suite for the sake of economy. I now only keep three servants, of whom two are the coachman and his wife."

Apropos of this coachman the Princess expressed her amazement when she learnt she had been accused of eloping with him.

"He is an honest, good creature," said the Princess, "and has been for a very long time in the service of my family. He is very devoted to me and mine; but do you believe that his wife would tolerate such a situation if it really existed?"

Some other journals announced equally that she had had as lover a nobleman, who sometimes took her for motor drives. Now, this noble sportsman is none other than her brother the Prince, Don Jaime! Others again have reported that she has had culpable relations with an Italian officer.

The Princess concluded with a denial that her father Don Carlos had cast her off. "He would like to avoid a divorce, which is against his principles, but he retains most affectionate relations with his daughter.

AN ITALIAN LOVER.

A romantic love-story was heard at the Glamorgan Assizes yesterday, before the Commissioner, Mr. S. T. Evans, L.C.C., M.P., when a young Italian collier, named Nazzari Milioni, was tried for shooting at his innamorata, Marie Fragnola.

The evidence of the girl, who is a dark, large-eyed Italian organ player, was principally a plea for Milioni. He had agreed to marry the boy, for he is only eighteen years old, on condition that he received some Army service papers from Italy. When he failed to do so, her affection cooled, and he, in his anger, shot at her. "It is love," he said, "and love has made me drunk."

Milioni's defence was a passionate avowal of his love. Amid general signs of approval the jury acquitted him.

IBSEN'S APHASIA.

Peculiar Form of Brain Disease Affecting the Use of Words.

Henrik Ibsen, the dramatist and poet, is reported to be suffering from a peculiar form of brain affection, known as aphasia. A correspondent, writing from Christiania, says:

"Ibsen no longer appears regularly every afternoon at half-past two at the Grand Hotel as he has done for so many years past. He is suffering from a curious malady, which, while permitting him to write and think with his usual lucidity, has deprived him of the power of expressing in words the thoughts which pass through his mind. He can speak, but cannot say the words he wishes to.

"For instance, if he desires to say 'Please take a seat,' the words which come from his lips are 'Take a cigar.'

"This brain affection is now of some months' date. When it commenced Ibsen flew into such terrific rages when he failed to express his thoughts that his family thought it advisable to keep him from all intercourse with outsiders, and now he never leaves his room. He is, however, well physically, and looks robust and rosy."

The disease of aphasia is familiar to medical men generally as following upon a paralytic stroke or some other brain trouble. In Ibsen's case the disease is probably amnesia, that is the patient's speech is defective, because, though he may know the object to which he wishes to refer, he cannot remember its name; the mode of expressing in sound is forgotten.

Words without Meaning.

For example, in one case, a gentleman who became amnesic suddenly wished to telegraph to his doctor. Instead of putting his own name, he wrote that of his firm, and omitted to put the name of the town where the doctor lived. The message was in each word correct, but the whole conveyed no meaning.

If aphasia or amnesia occurs without any known preceding trouble it is probably either the result of a passing stroke, which was not otherwise noticeable or a premonitory symptom of trouble to come. It has also been noticed that aphasia may not be permanent, but may recur, like epilepsy, from time to time.

The left side of the brain is usually more developed than the right side, and it is generally from some lesion to the left side that aphasia follows. But the right side of the brain can in time be trained to take up the work when the left has failed. Consequently in time the trouble may be remedied. But at first the right side is clumsy, and so comes misfire of words.

The chances of recovery are far smaller in an old man than in a lad. His brain is less likely to accommodate itself to new conditions, and the aphasia is likely to be accompanied by more serious brain troubles.

There are, however, some who all their lives are specially prone to this misuse of words. In such cases there may be nothing in the nature of disease.

HOW TO GET RID OF A WIFE.

Five Grounds which Mr. Plowden Rejected.

"I want to get rid of my wife." This was the blunt form of declaration made to Mr. Plowden yesterday at Marylebone Police Court by an applicant who plunged at once into his matrimonial troubles without any of the finesse of the Divorce Court.

"That is hardly the way to put it," said Mr. Plowden. "You should say 'I don't want to get rid of her, but I am afraid I must.' On what grounds do you seek to get rid of her?" Applicant: Her violent temper is unbearable.

Mr. Plowden: You cannot get rid of her on that ground.

Applicant: She broke the windows and threatened the children last night.

Mr. Plowden: No, nor on that ground.

"She threatens to set fire to the place," said the applicant, continuing his recitation.

"No, nor on that ground," replied Mr. Plowden.

Applicant: My life is in jeopardy.

Mr. Plowden: No, nor on that ground. Anything else?

The applicant (having evidently exhausted his litany) exclaimed: Well, what can I do?

Mr. Plowden: Make the best of her.

"I have, for seventeen years," said the man.

Mr. Plowden: Then you have probably broken the back of it. The only ground on which you can get rid of her is that she is an habitual drunkard.

Applicant: She is not that, but she leads me a terrible life.

MISS GOULD'S BIBLE PRIZES.

Her Dispute with a Roman Catholic Clergyman.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, Tuesday.

Miss Helen M. Gould, daughter of the late Jay Gould, and one of America's wealthiest women, has offered three money prizes, open to any person in the world, for the best essays on this double topic, "The Origin and History of the Version of the Bible approved by the Roman Catholic Church," and "The Origin and History of the American Revised Version of the English Bible."

The first prize is £80; second, £50; third, £20. Miss Gould believes there is a very general ignorance of the facts relating to the history of the Protestant and Catholic Bible versions, and desires to stimulate investigation for the benefit of the masses.

Miss Gould recently had some trouble at her country seat with the rector of the Catholic church, who forbade Catholic girls to attend her sewing class, which consists of three hundred members, because meat sandwiches were served on Fridays. Miss Gould then announced that the Bible would be read at every meeting of the class, whereupon the Catholic rector informed her that the Protestant version of the Bible goes back only to the days of Henry VIII.

While it is not Miss Gould's intention to provoke a general controversy, the belief is that it will do so. A committee of Biblical experts will examine the essays which are submitted.

OFFICIAL PHONOGRAPHS.

Talking Machines Now in Use in Government Offices.

The phonograph has found its way, as a time-saving appliance, into the very temple of red tape—the Government offices in Whitehall.

Innovations in that dignified region are few and far between. The type-writer was long in effecting its entrance, and the introduction of lady typists aroused a feeling of something like horror. But now a dozen machines, manipulated by girls, click merrily in each office, and both give satisfaction.

"As for our latest experiment, the phonograph," said an official to the *Daily Mirror* representative, "there was much opposition and foreboding, but, personally, I can say it has formed a most practical acquisition." The first trials caused a good deal of amusement. One has to accustom oneself to speak very clearly and continuously, in view of the awkward exactness with which the phonograph reproduces every detail. We do not use the records for long speeches, but for the dictation of short letters the machine is very useful. There is no doubt that its employment might be much extended in these offices. We are satisfied that it is an improvement on the old method of dictating to a shorthand writer."

The typists did not welcome the change, but when the novelty wears off they will, it is believed, be able to get through their work with more despatch.

The latest fashion in Christmas greetings to dear ones abroad is to speak a message into a phonograph, and send it across the seas. This is certainly a more intimate method than the Christmas card.

The gramophone is also to be used a great deal this Christmas as an entertainment at parties. You can order Madame Albani or Kubelik to be sent to you in any part of the kingdom.

The "rolls" which reproduce the singer's matchless voice and the violinist's wonderful virtuosity give a very fair idea of their powers.

ALARM AT A STATION.

An Engine Invades the Platform at London Bridge.

A railway accident of a very remarkable character occurred at London Bridge Station yesterday afternoon. An engine, bringing up empty carriages to form the four o'clock train to Brighton, dashed into the station, charged the fixed buffers, and mounted on to the platform.

It crashed into the structure used as an office for the issue of excess luggage tickets, and threw it forward twenty feet. Two men who were at work in this office had remarkable escapes, one being quite unhurt, while the other sustained slight injury to one of his feet. Neither the driver nor the stoker was injured, and the brake van was the only carriage telescoped.

Cinders from the engine caused a slight fire, but this was quickly extinguished. There was little confusion, though a few screams were heard from passengers waiting about the station.

SHORT FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

BERLIN CHRISTMAS TREES.

The people of Berlin obtain their Christmas trees mostly from the Harz Mountains. On Monday 450,000 of these little trees arrived in the city, and were all on exhibition yesterday in the Central Market.

THE INCREASE OF DIVORCES.

The Official Bureau of Statistics at Berlin is preparing a return dealing with the various causes of divorce. The number of divorce cases in Prussia increased last year from 4,675 to 5,278. In Berlin the rate is the highest, viz., 29 divorces per 10,000 marriages.

M.P.'S IN THE VINEYARDS.

The members of the British Parliamentary party who are remaining in France yesterday visited the vineyards of Médoc, near Bordeaux, and a luncheon was given in their honour at the Château Lafitte.

A telegram of homage was (says Reuter) sent to King Edward by the Englishmen's hosts.

TO REVENGE HIMSELF ON SOCIETY.

A cabinet-maker named Baumann, fifty years of age, surrendered himself to the Paris police authorities yesterday, and stated that he had shot the Abbé Lebel with a revolver six weeks ago in the Rue Cassette. He declared that he committed the murder to revenge himself on society, and that he did not even know his victim.

INCENSE FOR LORD CURZON.

Lord Curzon is expected at Bushire to-day in his progress through the Persian Gulf. The town has been decorated in the Viceroy's honour by order of the Persian Governor. While Lord Curzon was at Bahrein, the headquarters of the pearl fisheries, incense was burnt in his honour, and Arab women hung out from the fishers' huts thousands of their many-coloured garments as flags of welcome.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY MILES AN HOUR.

The experiments undertaken by the commission for the study of high-speed electric traction on the German military railway between Marienfeld and Zoffen have come to an end, says the "New York Herald." Not only has the object of the experiments—a speed of 125 miles per hour—been attained. It has even been exceeded by five or six miles.

In about a fortnight, over the same route, high-speed experiments with specially-prepared steam locomotives are to be undertaken by the Ministry of Railways.

THIRTY DOCTORS PUZZLED.

An out-of-the-way surgical feat is recalled by the "New York Herald" in connection with the death of Mr. Bache McEvers Schmidt, who has just passed away at New York.

Mr. Schmidt was taken ill as the result of a fall. Paralysis of the legs followed, and, later, of the arms. Thirty physicians, including some of the best known in America, failed to correctly diagnose the case. He was placed under the care of Dr. Abbe, who, in 1900, performed a remarkable operation upon his spine, taking from it a tumour two inches long.

This operation, by reason of its delicate nature, was widely discussed at the time. After the operation Mr. Schmidt improved rapidly, regaining the use of his arms. But a few months ago he contracted a cold, bronchitis set in, and he died suddenly.

TRUTH DISGUISED IN FABLE.

The following fable, dealing with the fall of M. de Witte, the Russian Finance Minister, is related in a recent brochure entitled "A Glance at the Secrets of Russian Finance Policy," published at Vienna.

The Czar dreamt the following singular dream. He saw three cows, one fat, one lean, and one blind. The next day he sent for the Metropolitan Palladius, and begged him to explain the dream, but the Metropolitan declined. The Czar then sent for Father John of Kronstadt, and made the same request to him.

Father John stroked his long curly hair with his hand, and made reply in the following words: "Your Majesty, I understand your dream in this way. The fat cow is the Finance Minister, the lean one is the Russian people, and the blind one—" "Don't be afraid; go on," said the Czar. "The blind cow is—your Majesty!"

BETTER STOCK EXCHANGE TONE.

There was a very remarkable change for the better in the stock markets yesterday afternoon. The main reason for the general improvement was the story to the effect that Russia had climbed down in the dispute with Japan. Then Consols rose quietly, and were quoted minus the dividend of 12s. 6d. The rise in Consols was partly attributed to big purchases on behalf of the banks, and certainly gave a good tendency to markets generally. In fact, the close was remarkably buoyant all round. Home rails were put better, although capital schemes on behalf of investors who have to be subjected to compulsory purchases and the decisions of arbitrators, such as those by the Water Board just now in the matter of the water company. Dealers in water stocks, in fact, do not hesitate to describe the whole business as confiscation.

Favourable reports received from Buenos Ayres, as well as buying orders from that quarter, accounted for the very strong tone of Argentine Rails. Then, again, Paris was buying most of its favourites for its new account, which is commencing. So that all Foreigners were good, and Japanese very prominent on the peace news.

Altogether it was a complete reversal of the gloomy markets of Monday.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S
NEW NOVEL

"DOUBLE HARNESS."

SEE PAGE 10.

Friday's "Daily Mail" will contain a delightful prose poem on the "Life of the Flower," by Maurice Maeterlinck, author of the "Life of the Bee." 12 pages 1d.

THE "TIMES" WINNERS.

How They Obtained Prizes—A Lady's Statement.

Close on three columns of yesterday's "Times" were devoted to a report and a list of the prize-winners in the great "Encyclopædia Britannica" competition, organised earlier in the year by that journal.

The first prize of £1,000 falls to Mr. Leslie Ashe, B.A., Army Tutor, of 17, Newburgh-road, Acton, W.

Mr. A. Carson Roberts, Barrister, of The Grove, Dulwich, S.E., comes second, gaining £225.

The third prize of £125 falls to Mrs. F. Emily Aldis, of Saxted Hall, Framlingham, Suffolk.

Mrs. Marion K. Sanders, of Queen Anne's Mansions, and Mr. H. W. Fowler, M.A., Oxon, Retired Schoolmaster, Journalist, Forest, Guernsey, each get £75.

£60 apiece was awarded to Miss Elsie Brake, B.A., Caithness, 1, St. Ronan's-road, Southsea; Sir Alfred Croft, K.C.I.E., a member of the County Education Committee for Devon, former Vice-Chancellor Calcutta University, 76, Onslow-square, S.W.; E. Wright, Retired Journalist, Sunnysbrae, St. John's-road, Crowborough, Sussex.

Miss Edith Little, Skirgill, Branksome-park, Bournemouth; Peter Fraser Mackenna, M.A., LL.B., Fiscal Procurator, 1, Alloway-place, Ayr, N.B.; James Robertson Christie, M.A., LL.B., Advocate at the Scottish Bar, 3, Gloucester-place, Edinburgh; Thomas James Dvally, M.D., M.S., Surgeon, 41, Charlwood-street, S.W.; Miss Eleanor Meredith Cobham, B.A., Private Tutor, 1, Edwin-street, Gravesend, each take prizes of £50.

There were 11,080 entries for the competition, and of these 5,646 persevered to the end, and sent in answers to all three question papers. Over 127,000 letters reached the "Times" office in connection with the competition.

Twenty ladies have gained prizes out of ninety-three competitors; ranging from Mrs. Aldis, who comes third with £125, to Miss H. Theodora Williams, who takes the wooden spoon with £10.

Mrs. Aldis, of whom we give a portrait on page 9, is an elderly lady, devoted to gardening, and we hear, on excellent authority, that most of the work that gained this competitor a prize was done by Mr. Aldis and the other members of the family, who are now presenting the winner with bills for services rendered. As Mrs. Aldis owned the "Encyclopædia," the answers were sent in under her name.

Mrs. Sanders, who takes the fourth prize, is even more heavily indebted to outside influences for her success; and makes no bones about it.

"The whole credit belongs to my son," she admitted to an interviewer, "and to his friend, Mr. Hugh Fletcher Moulton, a son of the well-known K.C. I certainly made the application to enter the competition, but I have been travelling in Spain during the interval, and my son and his friend have done most of the work."

Mr. Leslie Ashe, who takes the first prize of £1,000, or the equivalent of a three years' course at a university, is already a B.A. As he is turned thirty-five, and has a good connection as an Army coach, it is hardly likely that he will proceed to either Oxford or Cambridge.

An analysis of the successful competitors shows that among the victors 93 tutors and schoolmasters take pride of place. They number 17. Single women and medical men come second—13 of each. Clergymen and ministers take 12 prizes. Solicitors and barristers come next. One competitor looks suspiciously like an American, but, as he only gets £15, the matter may pass.

That the race is not always to the strong is proved by the fact that several competitors of "superior culture or intellectual distinction" failed to score. In such cases "actual knowledge" was often a "positive stumbling block."

The questions were so cunningly contrived that even the first prize winner failed on one point.

Subjects that offered peculiar difficulties to the competitors were "frigerators for cream," "mosquitoes flying low," "Noverre's development of the ballet," and a sublime "catch," in which the year 1764, old style, and the year 1765, new style, were cunningly confused.

In conclusion it may be mentioned that out of the 93 prize-winners no less than 26 borrowed their Encyclopædia Britannicas, at two guineas for the course.

CRIMINAL'S "SIGN MANUAL."

Extraordinary Facts in the £5,000 Jewel Robbery Case.

The infallibility of finger prints as a means of identifying criminals was strikingly shown at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday, when two men named Elliott and Smith were sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for being concerned in the robbery of a large quantity of jewellery from the auction galleries of Messrs. Knight, Frank, and Rutley, of Conduit-street.

So cleverly had the robbery been planned, and so skilfully were the proceeds spirited away, that the police were unable to bring home a charge of burglary. Instead, they asked the magistrate to deal with the prisoners under the Prevention of Crimes Act, which enables ex-convicts, believed to be earning a dishonest living within seven years of the expiration of their last sentence, to be dealt with summarily.

The story of the finger prints, as told by Detective-sergeant Collins, in charge of the Finger Print Department at Scotland Yard, was extremely interesting. A pane of glass, removed from a skylight by which the robbers effected their entrance, was found by the police. It was taken to Scotland Yard, and found to bear four finger marks.

Half a Million Prints.

Three were too blurred to be of much use, but the fourth was plain. Sergeant Collins photographed it, and then searched the finger-print records for its counterpart. The print was found to correspond exactly with that of the middle finger of Elliott's left hand. Elliott had been convicted under the name of Eames, and his "sign manual" was of course in the criminal museum of Scotland Yard.

"I have not the slightest shadow of a doubt," added the sergeant, who is an authority on the subject. "He has dealt with some half-million finger prints, and has never known the impressions of different persons to agree. This year alone, Scotland Yard has been able to make 3,400 identifications by the new method, which has quite supplanted the Bertillon system of measurements in use up till 1901."

In India prisoners have been identified by finger prints for some years, and so much importance was attached to the subject that a Parliamentary Committee sat to discuss it in 1894. Mr. Henry, the present Commissioner of Police, has written a monograph on the matter. No mistake has ever been made by the use of this system.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

Evidence was given to show that both prisoners had been convicted of house-breaking, and that Smith had sold during the last year over £500 worth of gold bullion that had been melted down. It was shown that if Smith had melted sovereigns he would have made a loss of a shilling on each.

In sentencing the prisoners, the magistrate said there was no shadow of doubt that Elliott had handled the pane of glass removed from the roof of the gallery, though he (the magistrate) hardly knew which to admire most—the ingenuity and improvement in the prevention of crimes, or the ingenuity of the prisoners, who had been able to spirit away the stolen proceeds of the robbery.

Two men named Skeggs and Gray, arrested in connection with the same case, were discharged.

IN THE KEY OF BLUE.

Police-constable Jones, of Leeds, is, in his leisure hours and when incapacitated by sickness, a painter of Academy and other pictures. Yesterday Leeds flocked to an exhibition of forty-two canvases emanating from the Jonesian atelier. The show was held at the Police Institute at Leeds, and the Lady Mayoress of that city, herself a Jones, declared the exhibition open.

The collection, consisting mainly of moorland and sea scenes, did not include Jones's Royal Academy exhibit, which had been sold on the easel. A quarter of the price will go to the Institute.

The exhibition shows every sign of proving a great success.

GREAT FINGALL FRAUDS.

Rowe Pleads "Not Guilty" and is Committed for Trial.

An additional step forward was made yesterday with the Great Fingall case, a series of frauds, perpetrated some twelve months back, which bid fair to become notorious in the history of crime.

In November and December of last year Anthony Stanley Rowe, a partner in the firm of Bewick, Moreing and Co., mining engineers and managers of the Great Fingall Company (of which Rowe was secretary), misappropriated certain of the firm's moneys, amounting in all to £87,000. In addition to this, he raised a loan of £20,000 with Messrs. Ruben and Ladenburg, stockbrokers, giving these gentlemen as security a forged certificate purporting to vouch for the transfer of 5,000 shares in the Great Fingall Company.

Yesterday, in the King's Bench Division, before Mr. Justice Kennedy, Messrs. Ruben and Ladenburg sought to make Messrs. Bewick, Moreing and Co. responsible for the action of their partner. These gentlemen, however, disclaimed all responsibility, and contended that Messrs. Ruben and Ladenburg obliged Rowe entirely in his private capacity and not as their partner.

The learned Judge, after hearing evidence proving that the certificate of transfer was a forgery, supported this view, in so far that he has ordered the case to be retried before a new jury, and with the Great Fingall Company, for which Rowe was acting as secretary, as defendant. It will be sought to determine whether the company is responsible for the actions of its servant, Rowe.

Brought Back from Canada.

While this case was being heard, Rowe himself was in the dock of the Guildhall Justice Room. It will be remembered that Rowe absconded in September, at the same time posting a letter to his partners, wherein he made a clean breast of the forgeries.

The prisoner had been brought back from Canada, where, under the name of Prescott, he had succeeded in establishing a stock-broking business at Toronto. Smart in appearance, some thirty-eight years old, he pleaded "not guilty," and reserved his defence. He was committed for trial at the next Old Bailey Sessions.

Rowe is charged by Messrs. Bewick, Moreing and Co., acting for the Great Fingall Co., of which they are managers, with embezzling moneys received from Messrs. Vivian Younger and Bond, metal merchants and bullion brokers to the company.

The gold produced at the Great Fingall mine would go to Messrs. Vivian, the bullion brokers, who would send on a cheque for the amount realised by the metal. Rowe had cleverly, so it is alleged, taken advantage of his position as secretary, and appropriated several of these cheques to his own use. He had also secured a cheque, value £3,125, which should have met the Australian income-tax charges of the company.

The sum lost by the prisoner's manipulations amounted to £87,000, besides forgeries whereby he secured 5,000 Great Fingall shares. It was, however, the intention of the company only to prosecute in detail on the sum of £7,593 17s. 9d. obtained by means of forged dividend warrants.

The further developments of this remarkable case will be looked forward to with interest.

QUEEN'S JEWELS—OFFERS WANTED.

It is found that, after discharging all debts, the sisters of the murdered Queen Draga of Serbia have only received from their inheritance a sum of a little over £5,000 and the jewels, some of which are missing.

They are obliged to part with the jewels, and would like offers for the following articles—A diadem in brilliants, in which the late Queen was married; a bracelet in brilliants and emeralds, a wedding present from the Tsar; a diadem with veil; a Serbian costume, a brooch, and earrings in brilliants and fine pearls.

SHORT HOME NEWS.

RESIGNATION OF CANON AINGER.

Canon Ainger has, owing to indifferent health, resigned the Canonry in Bristol Cathedral which he has held for sixteen years. Dr. Ainger has been Master of the Temple since 1894, and is Chaplain in Ordinary to the King.

THE CHEERS OF THE WORKERS.

Work was started yesterday at the recently burnt-out bookbinding works of Leighton, Son, and Hodge, at New Street-square. The factory hands re-entered loudly cheering, and the employees of the neighbouring firms gave one cheer more.

FIRE-PROOF SKIRTS.

The Alhambra ballet girls are not to have "fire-proof dresses" after all. It is the scenery, not the frocks, which is to be made of flame-resisting gauze. Someone on the County Council has blundered, says the Alhambra manager.

BALLOON IN A SNOWSTORM.

The War Office balloon, which left Alder-shot on Monday at dusk, with Lieutenant Brook Smith, R.E., and Mr. Frank Butler, one of the founders of the Aero Club, descended safely at Frensham. At 3,000 feet the balloon was covered with snow and hoar frost, the temperature above the clouds being below zero.

TO HELP THE UNEMPLOYED.

A circular has been issued by the Metropolitan Free Church Federation, calling attention to the unemployed problem, which those familiar with London distress consider to be more critical this year than last. The circular points out that the evils consequent on lack of employment can only be permanently remedied by the gradual operation of remedial measures. Free Church Councils are urged to take immediate steps to influence the Borough and County Councils to promote public works, but care must be taken not to compete with existing industries and so throw more men out of work. The inauguration of a fund, under the control of a special committee, is also announced.

DAMAGES AGAINST A MISTRESS.

A domestic servant, Esther Jenkins, sued her late employer, Mr. Robert John Kidd, of 158, Havestock Hill, yesterday, for damages for false imprisonment, and was awarded £40 by Mr. Justice Wright and a common jury in the King's Bench Division.

The girl said that on February 11 she was summarily dismissed by Mrs. Kidd and paid a month's wages. When she returned next day to fetch her property, she was accused of theft and told to open her boxes. She refused to do so, and a policeman was fetched, and in her trunk were found a towel, a tea-cloth, and other linen articles belonging to Mrs. Kidd. The servant declared they had been left there in her absence. Mrs. Kidd suggested that if the girl Jenkins would return £1 of her wages, no further action would be taken, but the girl refused, and was marched off to the police station and spent the night in the cells.

In the police court Esther Jenkins was discharged by Mr. Curtis Bennett. The present action and verdict are the result.

SUED FOR SIXPENCE HALFPENNY.

A case of interest, in which the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway Company sued Mr. R. J. Jekey, a solicitor, of 65, London-wall, for 6d., was decided yesterday in the City of London Court.

Counsel began by saying that Mr. Jekey, who lived at Westcliff, the next station to Southend, was in the habit of using a season ticket when travelling to London, but occasionally, when it lapsed, took an ordinary third-class ticket. The through fare to Fenchurch-street was 2s. 2d. Mr. Jekey, however, took a ticket to Bromley for 1s. 7d., and when he arrived at Fenchurch-street tendered 8d., which is the fare from Bromley. The railway company demanded 6d., and contended that a passenger had no right to reduce the full fare by adopting such a course.

Judge Lumley, in passing judgment, said that next time Mr. Jekey tried to fight the railway company he would have to contend with the conditions printed on the ticket.

BIRMINGHAM RACES.

Mr. F. Thomas's Valdis was entered in three races on the card yesterday at Birmingham, and competed in two of them, finishing third in the flat race, and later being unplaced in a hurdle race. Results:—

Race. Winner. Mr. Rider. Price National H's Ft (9) Zimbro Mr. Miller. 2 to 1 Sutton H's Hurdle (9) Singletick Heaney. 3 to 4 Handicap Chase (4) Liddon Love McFarquhar 5 to 1 Ebbston Hurdle (9) Montrose Hurdle (11 miles) Chaddock. 4 to 7 Collihill Chase (2) Lawrence Mr. Payne. 2 to 1 Maiden H's (10) Hairbird Bisill. 8 to 1 (The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters)

At the Leicester meeting to-day the following appear to have chances—Broxhill Steeplechase (2 miles)—Strategy or Lawrence; December Hurdle (2 miles)—Fam or Drumsholland; Montrose Hurdle (11 miles)—Questionable or Willie Selby; Bristol Steeplechase (2 miles)—De Rougemont or Knobstick; Quora Steeplechase (3 miles)—Morris Dawson or Locusts.

A message to hand late last night states that the early promise of open weather had not been maintained, and that the conditions in the Oudley districts were rather unpromising. The meeting last year had to be abandoned owing to frost, and a similar fate befell the fixture in the previous year.

The marriage took place yesterday morning at St. Agnes's Church, Newmarket, of Mr. Alfred Day Sadler, the well-known trainer, to Miss May Lauc, daughter of the late Mr. John Lauc, of Newmarket.

To-Day's Arrangements.

To-day's Weddings.

Mr. Ernest Tyrwhitt-Drake, of Framlingham, Suffolk, and Miss Agnes G. Goode, of Earl Soham, Framlingham, at Earl Soham.

Mr. Henry Brit, J.P., St. Ermin's Hotel, Westminster, and Miss Minnie Isabella Porteous, St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, 2.30.

Mr. Harold Edward Monro and Miss Dorothy Elizabeth Browne, elder daughter of the late Rev. F. H. Browne, Headmaster of Ipswich School, at St. Saviour's, Eastbourne.

General.

Princess Henry of Battenberg opens an Arctic Regions Bazaar in the Shoreditch Town Hall, Old Street, for the charities of St. John's, Hoxton, at 3.

Lord Rosebery unveils a memorial to the Royal Scots, St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh.

Sales.

La Maison Mayer et Cie, at Hotel Great Central, in the Red Room.

Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, Christmas Presents.

J. R. Dale & Co., Ltd., sale of Furs and Costumes, at 41 and 43, Buckingham Palace Road.

Valerie, 12, New Burlington Street.

H. C. Russell, Sidney Place, Coventry Street, W.

Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.

"Criterion," "B's Little Love Affair," 3 and 9.

Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.

Drury Lane, "The Flood Tide," 8.

Duse of York's, "Lettie," 8.

Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.

"Garrick," "The Cricket on the Hearth," 2.30 and 8.15.

"Haymarket," "Cousin Kate," 2.30 and 9.

"His Majesty's," "King Richard II.," 8.15.

"Imperial Theatre," "Monsieur Beatrice," 2.30 and 8.30.

"Lyric," "The Duchess of Dantzic," 2 and 8.30.

New Theatre, "Mrs. Goring's Necklace," 8.55.

"Prince of Wales's," "The School Girl," 2 and 8.

"Queen's (Small) Hall," "The Flowers," 3.15 and 8.30.

Royal Court, "The Tempest," 2.30.

Royalty, "Die Wappenhause," 8.15.

"Shaftesbury," "In Dahomey," 2.15 and 8.15.

St. James's, "The Cardinal," 2.30 and 8.30.

"Strand," "A Chinese Honeymoon," 2.15 and 8.

"Terry's," "My Lady Molly," 2.30 and 8.15.

Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 3 and 9.

Alhambra, "The Devil's Forge," doors open 7.45.

Empire, "Vineland," doors open 7.45.

Hippodrome, "Consult and Varieties," 2 and 8.

Palace, New Bioscope Pictures, 8.

* Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.



A Man's Thoughts on Woman's Books.

2.—BACK TO GEORGE ELIOT.

"MIDDLEMARCH."

I.

IT is not an altogether disagreeable necessity which obliges me, in the absence of any new books of importance by women writers, to hark back to a period when a story was really a story and not a flash of loosely written "impression," seasoned with vulgar slang and imitation epigrams.

I need hardly apologise for choosing "Middlemarch" for my review, because it is old enough to have been forgotten by many and new to most of my readers. How many of those who see this page, I wonder, have ever read "Middlemarch," or have read it within the last ten years? Not many, I am sure. But there is no pleasure in the world equal to that of feeling oneself a benefactor; so I suggest that you put "Middlemarch" on your next Mudie list. Better still, buy it, and if you want a really charming edition to take with you in the carriage or train, portable enough for this purpose and yet with type clear and large enough for pleasant reading anywhere, buy the thin-paper pocket edition, published by William Blackwood and Sons, in two volumes. You will not regret it.

II.

"Middlemarch" is, I think, George Eliot's masterpiece, because it is well-nigh perfect in conception and perfect in workmanship. It is the perfection of narrative, because the story grows from a single thread, expands and branches out into a network of other (but always subsidiary) stories, and then gradually closes in again and leaves us with the one dominant note ringing in our ears. Dorothea, married to the dismal, parched, learned, and lustreless Mr. Casaubon, thinking to devote her life to the noble purpose of his great work, and gradually discovering that he did not recognise her as an intellectual equal, that he treated her as a child, and did not really want her help; gradually, too, discovering tragically what to be really meant to her heart, and finding in Will Ladislaw its first awakening, its first disappointment, and its ultimate fulfilment—this is the main theme of the great book; but it is embroidered upon with a wealth of other themes and romances that make it a store of human treasure and interest.

From the first, however, everything relating to Dorothea is thrown into relief by the vigour and vividness of the style.

Casaubon had done a wrong to Dorothea in marrying her. A man was bound to know himself better than that, and if he chose to grow grey crunching bones in a cavern, he had no business to be luring a young girl into his companionship.

III.

George Eliot described "Middlemarch" as a study of provincial life; and she rightly staged her drama amid the broad, placid scenes of English country existence. The disturbing influence of great people, great affairs, was thus absent from her characters, and did not interfere with their even flow and development. The action of the story is like the movement of a river, broad and smooth and easy, but powerful, inevitable, too, carrying on its breast the lives of the human characters to their ultimate and certain destiny.

And what characters they are! Mr. Brooke, with his kindly, commonplace mind, and his innumerable commonplace notebooks, is typical of much that is excellent and much that is ridiculous in well-fed placidity. His horror of subjects that "might carry you too far, you know," although "I want a good deal into that at one time," is both pitiful and amusing; his was a mind essentially terrified at anything but the commonplace. But it is naturally with Dorothea herself, and her relations with Mr. Casaubon, that George Eliot rises to her best in style and insight. As a sheer piece of writing, the following extract is a masterpiece:—

Nor can I suppose that when Mrs. Casaubon is discovered in a fit of weeping six weeks after her wedding the situation will be regarded as tragic. Some discouragement, some faintness of heart at the new real future which replaces the imaginary, is not unusual, and we do not expect people to be deeply moved by what is not unusual. That element of tragedy which lies in the very fact of frequency has not yet wrought itself into the coarse emotion of mankind; and perhaps our frames could hardly bear much of it. If we had his keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence. As it is, the quickest of us walk about well wadded with stupidity.

IV.

Many readers of "Middlemarch" hardly sympathise enough with poor Mr. Casaubon. They regard him, as Celia did, simply with a chill of horror. But he had his troubles; his cold, lonely, inhuman path was no less cheerless because he had made it for himself; and there is enough of universal manhood in his character to make honest men sympathise with him, even while they recoil from him. As the author says:—

His experience was of that pitiable kind which shrinks from pity, and fears what is all that it should be known: it was that narrow sensitiveness which has not mass enough to spare for transformation into sympathy, and quivers, thread-like, in small currents of self-presumption, or at best of egoistic scrupulousity.

What we hate him for is, of course, his monstrous possession and lack of appreciation of Dorothea; yet we can but reflect that, if he brought her no happiness, she brought him probably still less; and that the lives of this ill-matched pair were a constant struggle to fulfil a duty each to the other. But what a picture is that which we get of the young, passionate idealist Dorothea immured within the gloomy walls of Lowick, in the companionship of her thoughts, her husband's soulless work, and an omnipresent silence!

Any private hours in her day were usually spent in her blue-green boudoir, and she had come to be very fond of its pallid quietness. Nothing had been outwardly altered there, but while the summer had gradually advanced over the western fields beyond the avenue of elms, the bare room had gathered within it those memories of an inward life which fill the air as with a cloud of good or bad angels, the invisible yet active forms of our spiritual triumphs or our spiritual falls.

V.

"Middlemarch" is, of course, a book about married life; but the great note that reverberates throughout its pages is not a note of pessimism. It is not that marriage is a failure, but that it is at once the great test and reward of humanity. To realise that up to a certain point you must sacrifice everything to its success, and that beyond that point you must sacrifice nothing—that, I should think, would be the advice, distilled into a sentence, of "Middlemarch."

The book also contains an exposition of one other saving and precious truth—that it is not only by the great and conspicuous that the world is moved onwards; that "the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been if half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs." C. K. L.



Woman's Parliament.

"CAN WE AFFORD TO FOLLOW MR. CHAMBERLAIN?"

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

The clever article with the above title published by you this morning misses the point of the arguments of Imperialist Free Traders. Your correspondent takes the analogy of insurance, and asks whether as individuals we can afford to pay the Imperial premiums demanded by Mr. Chamberlain?

To this question she herself answers "no." But she then proceeds to state that, as a nation, it is absolutely essential that we should make the sacrifice and pay the premiums necessary for the insurance of the Empire.

All Imperialists, whether Free Traders or not, are alike convinced of this necessity. But at present we pay our Imperial premiums (extra cost of Army, Navy, Civil Service, etc.) in an insurance office of which the financial position is sound.

Great Britain, in the opinion of the able men who refute Mr. Chamberlain's policy, will be in an unsound financial position if she abandons Free Trade. And surely if "as individuals" her citizens are ruined by these new premiums, that renders the insurance office of the Empire bankrupt, for the citizens of Great Britain are all shareholders.

The bankruptcy of Great Britain would be "the blow at the heart" which would cause the disruption of the British Empire.

I am sure you will afford the courtesy of your columns to this short explanation of the motives which govern the policy of Imperialist Free Traders.

A WOMAN FREE TRADER.

THREE'S COMPANY.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Why the terms chaperon and dragon should be considered synonymous I am at a loss to determine.

Chaperonage is a fine art, the perfect chaperon an artist who brings tact, finesse, and a profound knowledge of human nature to bear upon the fulfilment of an arduous task.

Her mission is not to act as a marplot, but rather to further the innocent schemes of sweet seventeen by timely interference or discreet self-effacement.

Were the emancipated bachelorgirl as common in good society as novelists would have us believe the chaperon might well be relegated to the shelves of the British Museum; but while girls remain as young, heated, ardent, impetuous, and charmingly indiscreet as the average *débütante* of to-day, the influence of a mind well versed in the ways of this wicked world will be desirable and necessary to administer timely counsel or restrain romantic impulse when it threatens to upset the never too well-balanced judgment of miss in her first season.

AN ENGLISH DUENNA.

TWO MILES OF POSTCARDS.

AMAZING RESPONSE TO OUR OFFER OF £500 FOR A SUGGESTION.

YESTERDAY was the last day for sending in postcards with suggestions for our £1,000 competition, in which the first prize was £500. It is now possible to form some idea of the remarkable number of competitors.

The fertility of the Public's genius may be estimated by the extraordinary number of these suggestions.

The actual weight of the cards sent in is 1cwt. 2qrs. 15lb. To those who are not in the habit of calculating their correspondence by the hundredweight, this bald statement of the weight of postcards may not convey much. To count the cards is a herculean labour which we have not yet undertaken. But a fair estimate of the number may be obtained from the weight.

Taking eight cards to the ounce as a fair average, 183lbs. are equal to 23,424 cards. The distance to which this number of postcards would reach is over two miles. On the average each card contains about ten lines, which means that something like twenty miles length of writing has been used to put new features before us. On the postage of this bulky mail nearly £50 has been expended.

The actual labour of writing must have been enormous. Taking an average of three minutes a card—and it would be a rapid writer who could keep up such an average—the writing would occupy a staff of clerks working eight hours a day for over a fortnight.

But the more interesting aspect is the mental effort. This cannot be measured in figures, but anyone who has seen the cards can imagine the amount of time and thought that must have been expended in devising the ideas.

THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

SHIPMATES IN SUNSHINE. (A novel.) By Frankfort Moore. Hutchinson.
THE POOL IN THE DESERT. (Stories of Anglo-American life.) By Sarah Jeannette Duncan. Methuen.
THE LIFE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL. (A full biography of the Irish patriot.) By M. MacDonagh. Cassell.
ELIZABETH DYNASTY. (An American novel laid in old Cincinnati.) By N. Stephenson. Lane.

ENGLAND'S SHAME.

The Bitter Cry of Mothers.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

MAY I, as a woman and the mother of sons, thank you for the publication of Robert Sherard's article, "The Crime Against the Children," in our woman's paper?

What topic more calculated to call forth a woman's passionate protest and indignation at such a revolting state of things? How I wish Robert Sherard had been a woman, had worded his article differently, and had called the large families of the poor of England a crime rather than a "curious physical coincidence."

Olive Schreiner's protest rushes to one's mind:—

"They say God sends the little babies. Of all the dastardly lies men tell to suit themselves I hate that most. I suppose my father said so when he knew he was dying of consumption, and my mother when she knew she had nothing to support me on, and they created me to feed like a dog from stranger hands."

Would Mr. Sherard still have censured the women, I wonder, for their inability to bear, nurse, feed, cook for, wash, and clothe, say, six or more children? Ye gods! what a task for one pair of hands. Yet he tells us that it is only in our most civilised England that we endure it.

What wonder that frail women, born from among such environments, sink hopeless and degraded before such a stupendous task, and yet they do not demur, and the husband only thinks she "has done very well for him."

One needs be a woman in all truth to realise the full horror of it, with experience of the tortured nerves, the weary nights, and the never-ending tax on strength and heart and brain; and yet in our imperial city we find it necessary to appoint Parliamentary Commissions to inquire into the cause of the physical degeneration of our race! DEBORAH.

EARRINGS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I agree with your correspondent, W. H. Scott, that we men fully appreciate the charm given to the wearers of earrings by those graceful and becoming adornments. I can assure your fair readers that the ordeal of having the ears pierced (which, by the way, our grandmothers invariably had done for them while quite little) is by no means a terrible one, as some seem to think.

My wife, after trying the kind of earrings which screw on to the unpierced ears, grew tired of the continual pinching, and consequent irritating and enlarging of the lobe. So she consented with some misgiving to have her ears properly pierced, and she now declares that the operation is quite trifling. Yours truly,

T. S. CRAMER.

"PURE MILK."

MERELY A PHRASE FOR THE CITY POOR.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MILK.

WRITING yesterday of the wasted state of London's babies caused by improper feeding, we quoted the statement of Dr. Ralph Vincent, the specialist in diseases of infancy and malnutrition, that the milk supply of the country was disgraceful, and that it was an utter impossibility for a poor mother in the present state of things to obtain for her infant the food essential to normal growth and development.

It seemed a strong statement; it seemed infinitely terrible if true. Curiously, indeed, has it been corroborated during the last forty-eight hours.

First came that entirely revolting analysis of the milk from several of the cows on the Woking farm, and since the cows gave no exterior signs of disease one cannot withhold a great measure of sympathy from the owner who has suffered such an irreparable blow to his business, however much one may recognise the suffering and evil that it has scattered broadcast in its train.

Fortunately, public confidence has been well shocked, and the Local Government Board is showing itself fully alive to the necessity of taking prompt measures to lessen the risk of any recurrence of the incident.

A Shocking Percentage.

The results of milk analyses by Mr. G. I. Eastes, the well-known analyst and bacteriologist, prove it to be "quite ordinary." He states that of milks supplied to him from all parts of the kingdom by medical officers of health, public institutions, and private sources, he found "Eighty per cent. unfit for human consumption." Eighty per cent. is scarcely a reassuring proportion!

Next came the man with 225 cases of condensed milk—skimmed! And—so oddly do coincidences happen—yesterday two nursing sisters at work in Cable-street and Commercial-road East called here. Asked about the milk supply available to the East End mother they said:—

Ours at home comes from a farm at a distance; that to be bought close round—well, its condition is too hideous for words. So difficult is it to get it fit for use, that if by any chance our supply runs out we go without unless there is time to send really a considerable distance, but that is all there is for the mothers down there.

To try and escape its perils, they fall back upon tinned condensed milks. In the better brands this is probably an improvement, weak as it is, but, unfortunately, people playing upon their poverty, coax and cajole them into buying these cheap brands, that can be nothing but skimmed milk even in the beginning—they can get them for as little as three half-pence a tin!

In the General Shop.

Poor babies! And none the less "poor mothers!" What are they to do? Granting that the milk leaves the farm in an "average" state, think of the life it lives before it reaches the baby in the little back room, say, in Shovel-alley, where the home industries in almost every house are tent and sack making and mending.

It arrives at the head depot, and is distributed to the branch dairies. In the more careful it is kept in vessels under muslin covers, which are a protection from actual matter, though not from atmospheric impurities. It is again distributed and redistributed to general dealers and tea-shops, each purchaser selling again to a smaller buyer, and at each stage subject to less and less precaution in the matter of clean vessels.

At last you see it on the counter of the "Universal Provider" of the court or alley, standing in an open vessel with the butter, the most unpleasant cheese, the bacon, and the indispensable kippers and bladders.

The potatoes, as wanted, are tipped from a sack on to the floor—the cloud of earth rises and contributes its measure to the milk. The cabbages are close by; any particularly decaying leaves are torn off and thrown, with all the other refuse and decaying matter, behind the counter. Flies are rampant. The odour—exactly what it is likely to be!

As the men drop in for their kipper, rasher, or tobacco, they fill their pipes at the counter, light them from the gas above, and it is entirely by chance if the milk receives not still further additions.

All Underfed.

Then the mother carries home her milk for baby. Again it stands in an open basin till wanted, in that little much-occupied room. Do you know what a room is like in which the woman mends sacks at 3d. per dozen? Not to be extreme, picture them as corn sacks, or as flour sacks; or even as making them when new at 9d. per dozen!

Then, instead of coal or flour filling the air, it is the particles of jute and dressing from the new cloth; and similarly with tent-making. Out of fourteen sack-makers, ten were able to earn 2d. per hour; one earned 3d.; one, 1d.; one, 1d.; one, 1d.!

And, as one of the sisters said:—"I wish you could see them working at it; down on the floor, sad-faced and so tired-looking from the cramped position and heavy material. Just glad for us to be there to talk to them, but scarcely taking their eye off to talk back to us. And they must, to keep things going at all! The babies are underfed, but—those underfed mothers that we come to every day are so much more underfed that you can't wonder at the physique of their children." Poor babies! And poor mothers!



45 and 46, New Bond Street,
Tuesday Evening.

What a pity it is that the glittering white frost so soon disappears, for London looked lovely this morning, all the bare trees in the parks and squares shining like silver. But this, of course, was long before the hour when people come out for their morning constitutional, which to-day was indulged in by many, walking being delightful on the dry, wind-swept streets.

Christmas Shopping.

People are beginning now to think of Christmas, and there have been many arrivals in town in consequence. Lord and Lady Londesborough are up for a few days; Lady Jersey is still in town, and has been about with her married daughters, Lady Margaret Rice and Lady Longford; and Lord and Lady Guilford, Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy, Lady Bute, and Lady Margaret Crichton-Stuart, and Mr. and Mrs. Drexel are others in town at present.

Entertainings.

One hears but little of the small parties which are very numerous just now, and promise to keep the social ball rolling until well before Christmas. Consuelo Duchess of Manchester is doing a good deal of entertaining in a quiet way—she has a dinner party at her charming house in Portman-square almost every week—and Sir Ernest Cassel, Baron and Baroness de Meyer, Lord and Lady Savile (before they returned to Rufford), and Mrs. Arthur Paget, have all had small dinners.

The subscription dances which last winter took place at the St. Peter's Institute, in the Buckingham Palace-road, are this year to be held on Monday evenings at the Grafton Galleries, for they proved such a success that a larger room is required. Lady Sligo and Lady Margaret Littleton did a great deal towards their popularity, bringing parties with them on every occasion.

Competitions in Society.

So far from it being the case that Bridge is going out of fashion, it seems to have entered on a new lease of life, for in society just now many luncheon parties are followed by an afternoon devoted to solving one or other of the Bridge problems appearing in various newspapers, which are arousing no inconsiderable amount of interest in Bridge-playing circles.

An Original Bride.

Miss Cooper-Key, who is to be married to Mr. Geoffrey Hall at St. Peter's, Eaton-square next week, has devised a very novel, and what promises to be very effective, costume for her bridesmaids.

Four very pretty girls will wear creamy white dresses, with little shoulder capes and soft caps of brilliant scarlet. They are Miss Beauchamp, Miss Adshead, Miss Irbay, and Miss Gladys Johnson, of whom a charming portrait was painted a short time ago by Miss Beatrice Bright.

An Appointment.

Lieutenant Edward Compton has just been appointed to the flagship *Ariadne*, now stationed at Halifax. Mr. Compton has served for three years on board the King's yacht *Osborne*, to which he was appointed shortly after his marriage to the pretty youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Jolliffe.

A First Night.

There was a full and representative house at the Garrick Theatre this evening for the premiere of "The Cricket on the Hearth," and not a single vacant seat was to be found. In the stalls and boxes a great many well-known faces were to be seen, among them Mrs. Ronalds, in black, with touches of pink, accompanied by Mrs. Ritchie, also wearing black. Mrs. George Batten looked very nice, and Mrs. Arthur Harter wore a lovely wrap with ermine furs, while Sir George and Lady Arthur, Sir Felix and Lady Sewon, and Sir William Russell were others in the audience.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

In the various royal households the Christmas presents are already being packed up and prepared for distribution. The Queen sends away an enormous number, many going to her poorer subjects. The Princess of Wales is most methodical and business-like, and prepares and labels each gift some time in advance.

Princess Christian, besides giving a number of presents, always has a Christmas tree for the children of the employes on the estate. A fairy, in the form of a doll, is placed on the top of this tree, and happy indeed is the child who is fortunate enough to obtain it. The Christmas gathering at Cumberland Lodge is always very bright and cheery, Princess Victoria being the life and soul of the party.

Mr. Alexander Yorke is leaving England at the end of this week for Ceylon, for the benefit of his health. He joins Princess Louise Augusta and Miss Mary Hughes at Marseilles on board the Orient liner *Ormuz*, and, with the King's approval, will act as equerry to the Princess during her tour in the East.

Lord and Lady O'Neill are having a large house-party for the visit of Lord and Lady

Dudley. Lord and Lady Bandon, Lord and Lady Ardilaun, Mr. Arthur and Lady Annabel O'Neill are included amongst the guests.

Lady Norreys is rapidly recovering from her operation at Sir Frederick Treves's home, and is now practically convalescent. Lady Norreys is the elder sister of Lord Wolverton, and though her health has never been of the strongest she has always retained her good looks.

The wedding of Mr. de Winton and Miss Sybil Edwardes (Lord Kensington's sister) will take place on December 8 from King's Bromley, Mr. and Mrs. Lane's place at Lichfield, when a large family party will assemble. There are to be seven bridesmaids, including the bride's younger sisters.

Lord Effingham, who is one of our few bachelor "parties," does a good deal of entertaining on his own account, and has a party this week at his lovely country place, Tusmore House, for the covert shooting. Tusmore contains some fine old family portraits, as one might expect in the country home of this branch of the great Howard clan, and the direct descendant of the celebrated Lord High Admiral of England in the glorious Tudor days.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe will not spend Christmas at Floors Castle, but

DUBLIN GOSSIP.

IRELAND BEST AFTER ALL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

The eternal Land question was the subject of an interesting discussion at the Bankers' Institute last week, when the effect of land purchase on Irish social life was gone into.

Mr. Commissioner Bailey, who presided, stated that evidence was forthcoming that many Irish families, who of recent years had practically left the country and settled in various parts of England, were again returning to their old homes in the south and west of Ireland.

The First Ashore.

The Lord-Lieutenant has been spending the week at Shanes Castle, Lord O'Neill's historic home on the shores of Lough Neagh. The O'Neills are one of the oldest families in Ulster, and the story of the Red Hand in their coat-of-arms is picturesque.

The legend runs that when an invading party from across the sea came to conquer Ireland the chiefs agreed amongst themselves that he who first touched the land should be lord of it.

One leader, seeing that he was in danger of losing the prize, cut off his left hand, and flinging it on shore, claimed the land, he

COSY CLUB FOR SHOP GIRLS.

WHAT A KINDLY WOMAN'S SYMPATHY HAS SUGGESTED.

Last night an At Home, followed by an entertainment of music and recitations, was given by Lady Hope to celebrate the opening of a new club, close to Baker-street Station, for those who work behind the counters of our shops.

The club is called the Hope Club, an appropriate name in all ways, but primarily because it perpetuates the name of its foundress, Lady Hope. Her philanthropy and kindness are already known to London coachmen and footmen, for whom she started a clubhouse in the West End.

We have secured a description of her latest venture from her own pen. "The motives which impelled her to undertake it, and the aims she has in view, are set forth in so clear and kindly a fashion that we cannot do better than print it as it stands.

WHY I FOUNDED THE HOPE CLUB.

By LADY HOPE.

"There is perhaps no woman in London, or the country, who does not sometimes, or often, as the case may be, find herself drawn by the attractions offered to her in the well-known shops. Their very windows are inspiring, and create wants which the counter satisfies."

"It has always been my fate on these shopping expeditions to suffer from a remorseful feeling of injustice towards the girls who served me. Many other ladies have doubtless experienced the same sensation.

"The train of thought arises thus:—For every article that I wear, I am dependent on those who serve me, as perfect strangers. Day after day their civility, patience, care, and ability satisfy my wants, and clothe me from head to foot. Whilst I sit comfortably on a chair, waiting to have my commands executed, they, to my certain knowledge, are standing, waiting, working during the hours of the liveliest day, and with a quiet self-control, which must sometimes be difficult, provide myself and their other customers with all our requirements.

"What have I done? What can I do for them in return? Must I always take thanklessly and in silence the gift of their very lives, for the meeting of my necessities, or perhaps only my luxuries?

The Value of Repose.

"These were the questions that troubled me; and the answer, though apparently mythical, was a very simple one. The answer used to come night after night as I sat down in my favourite armchair in our pleasant drawing-room.

"I am glad to rest after my work, and walks, and drives. Where are those girls resting? What alternative to work have they to fall back upon? As a rule, they are far from their homes. Where can they find a place that they may call their own, a real home, a place for recreation, quiet, peace, and rest?

"Some will reply:—

"In the houses of business there are bedrooms and sitting-rooms provided for all the employes.

"There is some truth in this statement, for there are houses where a certain number of those employed, if not all, can have these advantages; but this privilege is by no means universal. And as house property is becoming more valuable in the West-End, this capacity for the reception of boarders is lessening instead of increasing.

"Even where the bedrooms and sitting-rooms are provided, a girl who has been at work all day long for a change—a change of scene, company, and surroundings—a place she can call her own; a warm fireside, books, pictures, and a comfortable lounge.

How Other Women Can Help.

"This, then, was the answer, and this is why I am providing a house, expressly for the use of these young women.

"The success of the Hope Club depends upon its membership. We therefore invite young ladies in houses of business to visit the house (3, Devonshire-terrace, Portland-place), and make every inquiry from Miss Martin as to the details of our scheme.

"We are also very anxious that ladies should help in this undertaking in the following ways:—

"1. By giving us a donation, or annual subscription.

"2. By distributing our cards when they are visiting the shops. It is better only to give one or two at a time, and that only to those who are serving them.

"3. By calling to see the club, at any hour convenient to themselves.

"4. By making known this effort amongst their friends, and asking them also to take an interest in it."

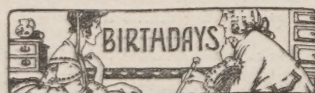
LADIES AT GOLF.

The Chiswick Ladies played Barnhurst Club to-day over the home links of the latter. The match was very evenly contested, the visitors eventually winning by one point. Barnhurst—Miss D. Evans, 1; Miss J. Pearson, 0; Mrs. Jackson, 0; Mrs. Boy, 0; Mrs. Edwards, 1; Mrs. Champion, 0; Miss B. Heath, 1; Mrs. Foster, 1; total, 4. Owing to the hard frost following on after the heavy rains, the greens were difficult to negotiate, and several matches were lost through weak putting. Mrs. West's victory against Miss J. Pearson was most creditable, but Miss Pearson was not playing well of the tee. On the 7th the Princess's Ladies being their strongest team to Barnhurst, and it is expected Miss Glover will play for the home club.



A corner of the sitting-room at the new Hope Club for Shop Girls, organised by Lady Hope, and opened yesterday.

will go there early in January. On their return from Paris they go to Bournemouth Park, where they will have a large party of relations for the holidays.



WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2.

"The poetry of earth is never dead."—Keats.

Many happy returns to:—

Lady Elizabeth Gore. Lord Clive.
Lady Beatrice Pretyman. Mr. Reginald Brougham.
Lady Katharine Egerton. Sir Frederick Banbury.

Lady Beatrice Pretyman is the eldest of Lord Bradford's daughters, all of whom are well known for their great good looks and charm of manner. Lady Beatrice, who married Captain Pretyman, M.P. for the Woodbridge Division of Suffolk, in 1894, is the chateau of the three beautiful homes, Orwell Park, Ipswich, Rhy Grove, Stallingboro', and 2, Belgrave-square.

There could hardly be any other career than that of a soldier for the bearer of the name Lord Clive, who is the only son of Lord Powis. Born in 1892 he is at present but eleven years of age, and his future is hardly decided upon; but his fondness for soldiers, and the interest he takes in military matters, point to soldiering as his profession.

having been the first to touch the soil. From this resourceful chief sprang the O'Neills, the royal race of Ulster.

Irish Tobacco.

It is a matter of congratulation to everyone interested in Ireland that, owing to the exertions of Mr. J. S. Butcher, M.P. for York, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been induced to give every facility to experiments in tobacco growing in this country.

There is reason to hope that this once flourishing Irish industry may be again developed and established on a sound commercial basis.

Barristers in Despair.

There are signs that the legal atmosphere here is beginning to be electrical, and a storm is brewing over the proposed reductions in the judiciary.

The plethora of judges and the paucity of cases have long been a matter of comment. But the persistent longevity of the highest legal officials, combined with a reluctance to retire, has so blocked promotion that if the number of judges be now reduced the Bar, deprived of its hopes and long-delayed preferment, will be reduced to a state analogous to that of the Meath peasant.

This state has been graphically described by Mr. Filson Young, in his "Ireland at the Cross Roads." It is that of a peasant whose only occupation in life is to sit watching the fat cattle grow daily fatter in the rich pastures, "while his brain settles in pulp, his mind stagnates, and he slowly dreams himself into lunacy."

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.
TO-DAY, at 3, and TONIGHT, at 8.
Preceded at 2.30 and 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
TONIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

(LAST WEEKS) Shakespeare's
MONSIEUR RICHARD II. (LAST WEEKS)
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.
Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner, tel. ten—HIS MAJESTY'S).

IMPERIAL THEATRE. LEWIS WALLER.
TO-DAY, at 2.30, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.

TWO SPECIAL MATINEES TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY)
AND WEDNESDAY NEXT, Dec. 2, and 3, at 2.30.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.
Box-office open 10 till 10.

COURT THEATRE. MR. J. H. LEIGH.
Last Week of THE FETTERED.

Every Day at 2.30. No Evening Performance except
50TH PERFORMANCE and SOUVENIR NIGHT, Dec. 5.
Box Office open 10 to 10. Telephone, 5024, Westminster.

SHAFESBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrove.
WILLIAMS AND WALKER. IN DAHOMEY.
The only real cake walk.
MATINEES WED. and SAT. 2.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.—AUTUMN
TOUR—THIS WEEK. BOROUGH THEATRE,
STRAFORD. The run of OLD HEDDERBERG will be
resumed at the ST. JAMES'S on MONDAY, January 25.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpole and
Williams, 510, Chancery-lane, London, W.C., are prepared
to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount.
Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

SEEDER'S HAIR DYE.—Only natural tints, defy
dissection.

HINDEN HAIR BIND.—6d. Essential new style
coiffure.

CIRCUMSTANCES alter cases.—"Hinde's Curlers" alter
fates.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST on omnibus Nov. 20, two violin bows, addressed to
Lamy, 10, Chancery-lane, London, W.C., are prepared
and marked Jerome Thibouville-Lamy. The second
Chama, probably not marked, very tip cracked. £3
reward will be given on recovery by Julius Southon and
Son, 109, High-road, Balham.

LOST. 23rd, Garden, carrier (female); reward.—3.
Carlton House-terrace, London, S.W.

THE SUCCESS OF THE MUSICAL
SEASON.

"FLOWER PETTERS."

THE NEW SONG,
by
CHARLES WILLEY.

Composer of

"THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN."

Of all Music Sellers, and
THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY,
8, Argyll-place,
London, W.

INEXPENSIVE FUMIGATED OAK

FURNITURE,

in the Modern Style, for

BEDROOM and DINING-ROOM.

One of the Largest Stocks in London.

NEW CATALOGUE JUST ISSUED.

WILLIAM SPRIGGS and CO. (Ltd.).

235, 239, 240, 241, COTTENHAM COURT-
ROAD, W.

MAUD.—If you wish to give some charming
and useful Xmas Presents you cannot do better than
to write to the London Shoe Co., Ltd., 123 and 125,
Victoria-street, E.C.5, and ask for an appreciation of their
dainty bed-room and boudoir shoes, stocked in Felt, Vel-
vet, Satin, and Morocco—ALICE.

COAL. 16s. 6d.—UNEQUALLED in LONDON.

INLAND COALFRIERS LTD. 105, Pancras-rd., N.W., and Somers Town High Level, N.W.
Inland Silhouette 21s. 6d. Best Kitchen 12s. 6d.
Best Brights 10s. 6d. Cobble 16s. 6d.
Range Nuts 12s. 6d. Coke (per sack) 1s. 3d.
All qualities special value: trial selected. Tel. 779 E.C.5.

BIRTHS.

BENTINCK.—On Nov. 28, at Park Mount, Sussex-road,
Routhsea, the wife of Commander Rudolf W. Bentinck,
Royal Navy, of a son.

CHEVALLIER.—On Nov. 25, at Aspell Hall, Suffolk, the
wife of J. B. Chevallier, of a daughter.

COPE.—On Nov. 28, at 16, Bina-gardens, South Kensington,
S.W., the wife of William Silverwood Cope, of a
daughter.

GARDINER.—On Nov. 28, the wife of Canon Evelyn Gardiner,
Sub-Dean of Truro, of a son.

MOLONY.—On Nov. 17, at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, to
Edmund Parker and Charlotte Jean Molony, of a son.

ORD.—On Nov. 28, at 7, Cambridge-terrace, Dover, the
wife of Reginald W. Ord, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

CROFTON—CROFTON.—On Nov. 28, 1903, at Naik, Bombay
Presidency, India, Charles Stanhope Crofton, Captain,
Indian Civil Service, son of the late Major Henry Crofton,
Royal Artillery, and of Mrs. Crofton, The Hollies, Gar-
grave, Yorkshire, to Lilian, youngest daughter of Lieut.-
General James Crofton, late Royal Engineers, 12, West-
bourne-square, London, W.

NOTLEY—ROGERS.—On Nov. 25, at St. Peter's Belzoni
Park, by the Rev. Dr. Tremlett, William Robert Notley,
of Stantham Hall, Norwich, to Gertrude Margaret Rogers,
of 21, Cambridge-gardens, Northampton.

POOLEY—BROOKE.—On Nov. 26, at St. Augustine's
Queen's Gate, by the Rev. F. J. Turner, vicar of Radlett,
Herts., assisted by the Rev. F. J. Schreiber, vicar of Ship-
bourne, Kent, and the Rev. R. C. Chope, rector of the
parish, George Henry Pooley, of the Uganda Medical Ser-
vice, eldest son of the late Major General Pooley, of Stan-
ham, Suffolk, to Dulcibella Mary, daughter of the late
Henry Brooke, Esq., of Wetheringsett Manor, Suffolk.

DEATHS.

DUNDAS.—On Nov. 27, at Albany Rectory, Surrey, Amabel,
Anna and Mrs. Dundas.

JAMES.—On Nov. 17, at Phoenix, Katherine Anna (Katie),
the beloved wife of Augustus Robert James, and
youngest daughter of the late William James, Esq., of
Hamilton, Glasgow, Scotland.

LILLINGSTON.—On Nov. 27, in hospital, near Christiania,
Vigeland, of Tyne, Scotland, Norway.

PAPPRILL.—On Nov. 27, in hospital, near Christiania,
Vigeland, of Tyne, Scotland, Norway.

PHILLIPS.—On Nov. 27, at the Grosvenor Hotel, F.R.H., Flor-
ence Ann, wife of Francis B. Phillips, Esq., of New Zealand, please copy.

SHARP.—On Nov. 27, at "Penaburgh," Sidcup, S.E., the
late Madras Civil Service, aged 61. No flowers by
request. Indian and New Zealand papers, please copy.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—

2, CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
45 and 46, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

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months, 19s. 6d.; or for a year, 39s.

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will be glad to consider contributions, conditionally upon
their being typewritten and accompanied by a
stamped addressed envelope. Contributions should be
addressed plainly to the Editors, *The Daily Mirror*, 2,
Carmelite-street, London, E.C., with the word "Contri-
bution" on the outside envelope. It is imperative
that all manuscripts should have the writer's name and
address written on the first and last pages of the manu-
script, not on fly-leaf only, nor in the letter that may
possibly accompany the contribution.

The
Daily Mirror.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1903.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Hoch Hapsburg!

TO-DAY the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH
enters on the fifty-sixth year of his reign,
and the eyes of Europe are turned with sym-
pathetic interest towards the venerable
monarch whose fifty-five years of sovereignty
have been one long series of political dissensions
nobly borne, and domestic tragedies
faced with unflinching courage.

Since the day when, on hearing of his
uncle's abdication, the young Archduke
cried with pathetic foreboding: "Good-bye,
days of my youth!" till now, when he stands
on the threshold of another year of
solitary struggle with the forces which are
working to rend asunder the empire that
he, by the power of his personality, holds
together, the warring elements, Czech, Ger-
man, and Magyar, have scarcely ever ceased
to strive. Meanwhile FRANCIS JOSEPH
stands alone, still undaunted, still cherishing
the noble ideal of a United Austria. The
dream may be a vain one. The past has
brought discouragement enough to make
even a Hapsburg quail. The future pro-
mises an aggravation of the discord and
violence which make the politics of Austria-
Hungary a byword in Europe. But the
Emperor will never fail his people, and his
people, in spite of shouts and cries of party
leaders, still adore their Kaiser.

The pages of history hold no sadder story
of disappointed hopes than the chapter
which records the fates of those nearest and
dearest to the Emperor-King. The awful
tragedy of Queretaro, where the Emperor
MAXIMILIAN of Mexico, his brother, was shot
as a traitor by his rebel subjects; the still
more poignant agony of losing his
only son, the CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH;
the crowning sorrow of that autumn day
when the Empress ELIZABETH died by the
hand of the assassin in a foreign land—these
were the gifts Fate bestowed, on a man
who seemed destined to enjoy every good
that Fortune reserves for her favourites.

Nor was it enough that he should lose
brother, son, and wife. He has lived to
see those who should have been with him
in upholding the prestige of the ancient
house of Hapsburg-Lorraine turn from the
thorny path of royal duty to follow their
own desires and order their lives in ac-
cordance with their private aims. One nephew
shipped as a sailor before the mast, sailed
to foreign parts, and was never heard of
again. Another laid aside his princely rank
to become simple LEOPOLD WOLFFING. The
heir to the Imperial throne married beneath
him, choosing rather to secure his own hap-
piness than assure the succession. On
every hand the Emperor sees himself de-
serted, and the traditions of his house set
aside. The old order changeth—perhaps
for the best; but it is impossible to contem-
plate unmoved the heroic attitude of the
solitary, white-haired figure in whose honour
the bells peal and the "Schwarz-gelb" flags
wave in the Kaiserstadt to-day.

The friendship between our royal house
and that of Austria has always been close

and sincere. The simple goodness and
liberal spirit of the Emperor long ago gained
him the warm admiration of the English
people. The women of England will always
remember what he and his beautiful Em-
press did to help and encourage the women
of his empire, and one and all will join to-
day in the fervent wish, "Gott erhalte
Franz den Kaiser!"

A Trial of Strength.

The results of the *Times* competition
in connection with the "Encyclopædia Britan-
nica," which were published yesterday
afford material for some interesting reflec-
tions, which take on a shade of tragedy, as
that dark day draws slowly but surely nearer
when the "Encyclopædia Britannica" itself
can no longer be purchased for less than
half-price.

This ponderous agglomeration of learning
has become so much of an institution lately
that we look forward with something like
dismay to the time when it will no longer fill
our morning papers with startling and agree-
able allurements. But we cannot help feel-
ing that the culmination of this mighty
career has been worthy of its inception and
continuance. The ponderous examination
has been held and is over; and the names of
the survivors appear at length in the
Times.

One extremely interesting feature of this
list is the number of women's names which
it contains. The examination itself was a
serious and carefully considered affair, and
we have no difficulty in believing that it re-
quired not patience and laborious applica-
tion only, but ingenuity and alertness of
mind as well. Nor have we any doubt that
of the eleven thousand entrants, this
remnant who persevered to the end have, in
the process of answering the questions of
the competition, acquired, though possibly
at a cost of some physical exhaustion, much
useful information and mental enrichment.

There are other and more personal con-
siderations that arise from a perusal of this
list. The winner of the £1,000 is an
army tutor, and probably therefore a man in
good physical training, who was able to
bear the fatigues of handling the ponderous
tomes. Among the first few winners we
also notice the name of a Fiscal Procurator,
who in spite of the recent political develop-
ments, has been able to find the necessary
spare time for research. And it is interest-
ing and gratifying to note that No. 15 in
the order of entrants, who, in his zeal,
evidently threw himself into the fray at
the earliest possible moment, endured
triumphantly to the end. There, one would
say, is a man of a painstaking and thorough
habit, with a passion for occupation. But
the third winner, Mrs. Aldis, must have
been one of the later entrants, for her
number is 1,147. With what brilliancy and
concentration may we not credit this lady,
who thus began to run when the race was
half over, and yet finished a winner?

There are other matters of no less per-
sonal interest, which we have not space to
touch upon. But whether we regard this
competition as a trial of physical strength,
or of endurance, or of intellectual resource,
we have equal cause to congratulate the for-
tunate winners.

THE UNION JACK CLUB.

FORTHCOMING ROYAL CONCERT IN
THE QUEEN'S HALL.

The concert in aid of the Union Jack Club,
which will take place at the Queen's Hall on
December 10, will be under the patronage of
Princess Christian and Princess Louise,
Duchess of Argyll. On this occasion Mr.
Henry J. Wood's full orchestra will give a full
performance of Tchaikowsky's famous 1812
Overture, descriptive of the disastrous retreat
of the French from Moscow.

Mlle. Zelle de Lussan will sing "Haba-
nera," from "Carmen"; Miss Alys Bateman,
Mozart's "Gli Angeli d'Inferno" and "Scena,"
and "Aria Ah! fors'è lui," from "Traviata";
Mr. Denham Price, Schubert's "Two Grenadi-
ers"; and Madame Kirkby Lunn, "La Cap-
rice," by Berlioz. Mr. Ben Davies and Lady
Harcourt will also appear. Tickets are £1 1s.,
10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d., and can be
procured from all the usual agents.

The celebrated military artist, Mr. W. B.
Wollen, has specially painted and presented to
the Union Jack Club a beautiful and
original picture embodying the idea of the
club, which will be reproduced on the cover
of the programme of the concert to be held
at the Queen's Hall on December 10.

The picture will shortly be on view in Bond-
street, and will be sold at the time of the
concert, the reserve price being seventy
guineas, the sum of fifty guineas has already
been offered.

"THINKING FOR ONESELF."

THE CASE OF MISS VIDA GOLDSTEIN.

A FATHER WHOSE COUNSEL WAS TOO
LITERALLY ACCEPTED!

IN an article on Monday about the woman
suffrage experiment in the Common-
wealth of Australia we mentioned Miss Vida
Goldstein, who is standing as a candidate for
the Federal Senate.

We have since received from our Melbourne
correspondent an account of an interview he
had with this enterprising young lady.

Miss Vida Goldstein (says our correspon-
dent) is the first legally qualified candidate
for place in a supreme legislative body in the
British Empire. Ladies on the school boards,
ladies as guardians, and even (for a few
months) lady county councillors, have been
familiar figures. But a lady M.P., and a
Senator at that, is another story.

Here we have Miss Goldstein, fully qual-
ified, legally nominated, and actively working
as Victorian candidate for place in the Aus-
tralian House of Lords.

Even Australia, advanced as its politics are,
stands amazed. Staid country farmers meet
around railway stations and ask each other
"what the world is coming to."

The women reformers of the old school
suspect Miss Goldstein. They cannot forgive
her for the crimes of being young and clever
and beautiful. At the best, they damn her
with faint praise, and they will most of them
vote for her male rival.

The Senators themselves do not quite know
how to regard this threatened invasion of their
Chamber. "If—she, were a frump; I could
understand it; one courtly old Senator de-
clared to me, almost with tears in his eyes.
"But why a charming young lady like that
should wish to sit among us old fogies passes
my comprehension!"

A Lesson Well Learnt.

When I met Miss Goldstein, I could better
understand the force of his remark. Viva-
cious, womanly, petite, charmingly dressed,
with a face full of animation, and with eyes
whose depths and intensity betray the most
winning characteristics of her sex, the new
candidate is the very antithesis of the "strong-
minded woman" of the comic paper.

She is a sister-in-law, by the way, of Mr.
Harry Champion, the former Socialist leader
in London, who now lives in Australia. It
will help to show the topsy-turvy conditions
of Antipodean politics when I say that here
Mr. Champion is regarded by many as a
hopeless reactionary and conservative.

"Why did I take up politics?" said Miss
Goldstein. "First, because of my home train-
ing, and next, because of the distress I saw
around me." In my home, we children were
always taught that we were never to take any
opinion as our own because others held it, but
were to think out things for ourselves. I
thought out the suffrage question, and became
a woman suffragist.

"My father, I may say, is still an opponent
of the suffrage, although he is the only mem-
ber of our family against it. I tell him that,
since he taught me to think for myself, the
result of his lessons could not fail to make
me want woman to have a voice in public
affairs."

"Some people have an idea that there is no
poverty here. Of course, we have nothing to
compare with the extent or depths of misery
in London, but we have all the germs of a
very sturdy growth of wretchedness."

"I saw this misery, and I was not content
merely to do something for its surface relief.
We women are ever scratching at the effect.
I felt that I must try to reach the cause. I
saw the misery that drink and vice and crime
are bringing. To remove the cause of the
I found one must seek legislation. That set
me on the path which has resulted in my can-
didature for the Senate."

The Suffragist of Tradition.

There are plenty of amusing incidents in
Miss Goldstein's campaign. The country
people have a way of putting quiet questions
that would confuse a less collected speaker.
But generally they are so surprised to find
that Miss Goldstein is not like the suffragist
of caricature that they give her a fair hearing
until she wins them round to her side.

"I regard this election largely as a cam-
paign of education," she says. "In Victoria,
while we have the vote for the Federal Par-
liament, women have no vote for the State
Parliament, which even more intimately
affects our home life by its administration.
If meetings were called in the country to
consider the suffrage question, very few might
come. Called to hear an address from a
candidate they are crowded. The country
voter's idea of a woman suffragist is too often
that of a gaunt and acrid body, in a
black stuff dress, wearing an antiquated
bonnet, and carrying an unfolded umbrella."

"What do I hope to do in the Senate?" Miss
Goldstein said. "If elected, I hope specially
to represent woman, childhood, and the home.
Very special interest has its advocates in
Parliament to-day. Shipping is spoken of
by shipping men. Labour has labour mem-
bers. Why not have the member for the
home, the member who shall plead for her
sex as one of it?"

"I do not look for a Parliament of the future
mainly composed of women, and presided
over by a woman Speaker, as some of our
critics make out. Women who take to public
work will always be few."

Miss Goldstein's friends scarcely dare to
hope for a victory at the December election
for her, but Australian politics are notoriously
uncertain, and in them the unexpected con-
stantly happens.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

MR. BOURCHIER'S NEW PRODUCTION
AT THE GARRICK.

MR. BOURCHIER, ever apposite, is first in the field with his Christmas offering to the play-going public. Nor could he have chosen a more appropriate theme for representation than the whimsical and tender senti-



MRS. ALDIS.

Who was first among the lady competitors in the "Times" competition. [See page 6.]

ment of the Dickens' story, "The Cricket on the Hearth," which is cheerily sub-titled "Two Chirps and a Warble."

Is it necessary to remind a generation that reads and appreciates Dickens less than that master deserves of the pathetic story of Caleb Plummer, the toy-maker in the employment of Gruff and Tackleton, "a little, meagre, thoughtful, dingy-faced man," and his daughter, blind Bertha, the doll's dress-

maker, who lived in a world of dreams, created for her by her father's passionate and all-envirning affection. Their palace was the merest work-room, a sordid place filled to overflowing with toys and dolls, yet Bertha, until the direful day of disillusionment dawned, never knew that iron was rusting, wood rotting, and paper peeling off in the home that was heaven to her.

The version of "The Cricket on the Hearth" played at the Garrick Theatre, is that presented to the London public on April 24, 1862, by J. L. Toole at the Adelphi, made like Christmas with songs and dance.

The curtain rises at the Garrick Theatre on a woodland scene in fairyland, in which Master Thomas Lipton, as Puck, sings a remarkably spirited song that is certain to become popular, and Miss Empsie Bowman, as the cricket, a little brown creature with great gauze wings, dances charmingly. The Fairy Home, Miss Dorothy Grimston, shows the immortals who cluster round her a vision of Edward Plummer, Caleb's son, at sea, dreaming of his native land, and then the cottage of good John Peerybingle, the carrier.

This later forms the scene of Chirp the First and the introduction of those delightful creatures, Mary Peerybingle, commonly called Dot, John her husband, Tilly Slowboy, and the baby, who so narrowly escapes death by fire while the kettle is put to sleep in the cradle. Mr. J. H. Barnes is John, an ideal John, honest, kind, fond of his joke, and a little disposed to be jealous; Dot is impersonated by Miss Jessie Bateman, and a most bewitching Dot she is; and Tilly Slowboy is Miss Lizzie Webster, who has made the part of the slavey quite her own, and looks it to the life. What the poor baby she tends suffers at her hands words fail to express. Fortunately it does not know how to cry.

Mr. Bouchier's Caleb Plummer is a wonderful study. He is the little dingy-faced man of Dickens's imagination, stalwart and big though he is in real life, with a quavering sad voice, full of the pathos of the intensely poor. Miss Violet Vanbrugh is Bertha, and her rendering of the part is most cleverly subtle.

Without a word she puts a world of meaning into her manner when she receives the news of May Fielding's approaching marriage to Mr. Tackleton, and makes her audience feel with her the conflict of emotions that are passing through her mind.

There is amusement for both old and young in "The Cricket on the Hearth." It is a Christmas play redolent of that which is sweet and wholesome and holy, just what a Christmas play should be, full of laughter with sweet sadness intermingled.

A FAMOUS ENGINEER.

DEATH OF SIR FREDERICK BRAMWELL.
AN INTERESTING PERSONALITY.

Sir Frederick Bramwell, the well-known civil engineer, is dead. The first public announcement was made yesterday, curiously enough, at the arbitration respecting the New River Company's claim for compensation, in which Sir Frederick was to have been a witness.

"It will be long before we look upon his like again," said Mr. Balfour Browne, K.C., and other counsel and the President of the Board of Arbitration paid eloquent tributes to Sir Frederick's professional and personal worth.

Sir Frederick was best known to the general public as a constant attendant at the famous Friday evening meetings of the Royal Institution, that classic temple of science in Albemarle-street. There his silver hair, strong and kindly face, massive form, and generally imposing appearance always commanded attention.

He had many stories to tell respecting lectures and lecturing. So nervous was one famous savant that he actually bolted from the institution a few minutes before nine o'clock, and Sir Frederick used to tell how since that time Professor Dewar and Lord Rayleigh have been told off to watch the speaker lest he should show signs of wishing to evade his responsibilities.

When the King, as Prince of Wales, paid one of his occasional visits to the institution he always had a special word for the late secretary, who held the post for many years, recently resigning it to Sir William Crookes.

Brothers who Did Not Agree.

Many stories are told respecting the relations between the late baronet and his elder brother, Baron Bramwell. The two did not agree, and when Baron Bramwell died it is said that the only thing he bequeathed his younger brother was his watch. The latter, however, bought the Baron's beautiful seat, Four Elms, near Edenbridge, and here he spent some of the happiest months of his later life, surrounded by congenial spirits, and happy in the society of his two married daughters and their husbands, Sir Victor Horsley, F.R.S., and Sir Henry Bliss, K.C.I.E.

He often lectured to the villagers, but only twice did he appear in such a capacity at the Royal Institution. Once he discoursed on the need for a new bridge below London Bridge, and it was a great pleasure to him to be pre-



Spy's famous caricature of the late Sir Frederick Bramwell.

sent, years afterwards, at the opening of the Tower Bridge, the work of his life-long friend, Sir J. W. Barry.

The other lecture was entitled "A Discourse With and Without Point," and was a protest against the adoption of the decimal system, against which he was obstinately prejudiced. He was extraordinarily quick at figures.

As a Parliamentary expert witness Sir Frederick was in great demand. Many a tussle has taken place in the House of Commons committee rooms—between the famous engineer and learned barristers, and the latter generally came off second best.

Tackleton M'Jerrald Robertshaw



John Peerybingle, Mr. J. H. Barnes, Dot, Miss Jessie Bateman

Caleb Plummer

(Mr. Arthur Bouchier)

his morning dress

The Cricket, Miss Empsie Bowman



Puck Master Thomas Lipton



Sir Victor Horsley

his evening dress



Edward Plummer Mr. Frank Mills

Sketched at the performance of "The Cricket on the Hearth," produced at the Garrick Theatre last night.



DOUBLE HARNESS

BY ANTHONY HOPE



DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TOM COURTLAND: A man unhappily married.
GRANTLEY IMASON: A young man in love.
SIBYLLA CHIDDINGFOLD: Grantley Imason's fiancée.
JEREMY CHIDDINGFOLD: Sibylla's brother; a latter of matrimony.
MUMPLES: A nurse—housekeeper—companion.

HOW THE STORY OPENS.

The following synopsis of Chapters I. and II. will enable those readers who were unable to obtain a copy of yesterday's "Daily Mirror" to begin the story to-day.

Scene.—The high swelling downs, near Mildean village. In the distance the gleam of the sea.

Tom Courtland and his host, Grantley Imason, were lounging on the turf, chatting lazily.

"What a bore to leave this and go back to town—back to my wife," said Courtland, presently.

Imason glanced up with a look of satirical amusement. "You're encouraging company for a man who's just got engaged," he remarked.

"It's the devil of a business," said Courtland. "And no end to it—none in sight! I don't know whether it's legal cruelty to throw library books and so on at your husband's head."

"Depends on whether you ever hit him, I should think, and they'd probably conclude a woman never would," said Grantley.

"But what an ass I should look if I went into court with that sort of story!"

"Yes, you would look an ass," Grantley agreed. "Doesn't she give you—well, any other chance, you know?"

"Not she! My dear fellow, she's most aggressively the other way."

"Then, why don't you give her a chance?" asked Grantley.

"What! you mean—"

"Am I so very cryptic?" murmured Grantley, as he lit his pipe.

"I'm a Member of Parliament," said Courtland. "Besides there are the children. I don't want my children to think their father is a scoundrel. . . . the children complicate it so. Wait till you have some of your own, Grantley."

"Look here—steady!" Grantley expostulated. "Don't be in such a hurry to give me domestic encumbrances. The bloom's still on my romance, old chap."

They talked in this strain for a few moments and then strolled down to the village, where they passed the creeper-clad house which was the home of Grantley's fiancée Sibylla.

Outside the little post office the two men met Mr. Jeremy Chiddingfold, Sibylla's brother, who expressed his hatred of marriage. "It's an invention of the priests," he said heatedly, and the conversation turning from the general to the particular, he volunteered the information that his sister Sibylla had "the deuce of a temper," and told of her quarrels with Mumples (an old woman described as a nurse-housekeeper-companion).

When Jeremy left them Courtland, the much-married, turned to Grantley and said, "I wonder how you are going to manage Miss Sibylla?"

Grantley laughed easily.

The next afternoon found Grantley cantering over the downs towards Fairhaven. Presently he saw Sibylla. He touched his horse with the spur, and galloped towards her.

"When we're married, Grantley," she said, "you shall give me a horse, such a good horse, such a fast horse—as good and as fast as dear old Rollo. And we'll ride—we'll ride together—oh, so far and so fast against the wind, right against it breathlessly! We'll mark the setting sun, and we'll ride straight for it, never stopping, never turning—we'll ride straight into the gold, both of us together, and let the gold swallow us up."

She begged him to let her ride behind him and "set her foot lightly on his."

"My arm round your waist," she cried. "Why, I'm splendid here. Gallop, Grantley, gallop! Think somebody's pursuing us and trying to take me away."

Now and then he cried something back to her as they rode; but for the most part he knew only her arm about him, the strands of her hair brushing against his cheek as the wind played with them, her short, quick breathing behind him. The powerful horse seemed to join in the revel, so strong and easy was his gait as he playfully pulled and tossed his head.

Her breath came quicker, faster; he seemed to see her bosom rising and falling in the stress. But he did not stop. Again her voice came, strangled and faint:

"I can't bear any more. Stop! Stop!"

One more wild rush, and he obeyed. He

was quivering all over when they came to a stand. Her hold round him grew loose; she was about to slip down. He turned round in his saddle and caught her about the waist with his arm. He drew her off the horse and forward to his side. He held her thus with his arm, exulting in the struggle of his muscles. He held her close against him and kissed her face. When he let her go and she reached earth, she sank on the ground and covered her face with both hands, all her body shaken with her gasps.

He heard a short, stifled sob.

"You are not angry with me?" he said. "I was rough to you?"

"I angry? You rough? It has been more than I knew happiness could be. I had no idea joy could be like that, no idea life had anything like that."

"It's given us something to look back upon always," he said.

CHAPTER II. (continued).

"YES, a great thing to look back on. But even more to look forward to. It's told us what life is going to be, Grantley. And to think that life used to mean only that!"

She waved her hand towards Mildean.

Grantley laughed in sheer enjoyment of her. Amusement mingled with his admiration. His balance had quite come back to him. A review of the afternoon, of their wild ride, made him give part of his amusement to his own share in the proceedings. But who expects a man, or need expect himself, to be wise when he is in love? If there be a chartered season for sweet folly, it is there.

"Can we always be careering over the downs in the teeth of the wind, riding into the gold, Sibylla?" he asked her in affectionate mockery.

She looked up at him, answering simply:

"Why not?"

He shook his head with a whimsical smile.

"Whatever else there is, our hearts can be riding together still."

"And when we're old folks? Isn't it only the young who can ride like that?"

She stood silent for a moment or two. Then she turned her eyes up to his in silence still, with the colour shining bright on her cheeks. She took his hand and kissed it. He knew the thought that his words had called into her mind. He had made the girl think that, when they were old, the world would not be; there would be young hearts still to ride, young hearts in whom their hearts should be carried still in the glorious gallop, young hearts which had drawn life from them.

They parted at the gate of Old Mill House. Grantley urged her to come up to his house in the evening and bring Jeremy with her, and laughed again when she said: "Bring Jeremy?" She was confused at the hint in his laughter, but she laughed too. Then growing grave, she went on:

"No, I won't come to-night. I won't see you again to-night. I want to realise it, to think it all over."

"Is it so complicated as that? You're looking very serious!"

She broke into a fresh laugh, a laugh of joyful confession.

"No, I don't want to think it over. I really want to live it over, to live it over alone, many, many times. To be alone with you again up on the downs there."

"Very well. Send Jeremy up. By now he must be dying for an argument; and he's probably not on speaking terms with Mrs. Mumples."

He gave her his hand; any warmer farewell there in the village street was quite against his ways and notions. He observed a questioning look in her eyes, but it did not occur to him that she was rather surprised at his wanting Jeremy to come up after dinner. She did not propose to spend any time with Jeremy.

"I'll tell him you want him," she said; and added in a whisper: "Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!"

He walked his horse up the hill, looking back once or twice to the gate where she stood watching him till a turn of the lane hid him from her sight. When that happened, he sighed in luxurious contentment, and took a cigarette from his case.

To her the afternoon had been a wonderful revelation; to him it seemed an extremely delightful episode.

CHAPTER III.

The Worldly Mind.

FOR a girl of ardent temper and vivid imagination, strung to her highest pitch by a wonderful fairy ride and the still strange embrace of her lover, it may fairly be reckoned a trial to listen to a detailed comparison of the hero of her fancy with another

individual—who has been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude for attempted murder! Concede circumstances extenuating the crime as amply as you please (and My Lord in scarlet on the Bench had not encouraged the jury to concede any), the comparison is one that gives small pleasure, unless such as lies in an opportunity for the exercise of Christian patience. This particular virtue Jeremy Chiddingfold suspected of priestly origin; neither was it the strongest point of his sister's spiritual panoply. He regarded Sibylla's ill-repressed irritation and irrepressible fidgeting with a smile of malicious humour.

"You might almost as well come up to Imason's," he whispered.

"She can't go on much longer!" moaned Sibylla.

But she could. For long years starved of fruition, her love revelled luxuriantly in retrospect and tenderly in prospect; and she was always good at going on, and at going on along the same lines. Mrs. Mumples's loving auditors had heard the tale of Luke's virtues many a time during the period of his absence (that was the term euphemistically employed). The ashes of their interest suddenly flickered up at the hint of a qualification which Mrs. Mumples unexpectedly introduced.

"He wasn't the husband for every woman," she said thoughtfully.

"Thank Heaven!" muttered Jeremy, glad to escape the superhuman.

"Eh, Jeremy?"

She revolved slowly and ponderously towards him.

"Thank Heaven he got the right sort, Mumples."

"He did," said Mrs. Mumples, emphatically; "and he knew it—and he'll know it again when he comes back, and that's only three years now."

A reference to this date was always the signal for a kiss from Sibylla. She rendered the tribute and returned to her chair, sighing desperately. But it was some relief that Mrs. Mumples had finished her parallel, with its list of ideal virtues, and now left Grantley out of the question.

"Why wasn't he the husband for every woman, Mumples?" inquired Jeremy, as he lit his pipe. "They're all just alike, you know."

"You wait, Jeremy!"

"Bosh!" ejaculated Jeremy, curtly.

"He liked them good-looking, to start with," she went on; "and I was good-looking." Jeremy had heard this so often that he no longer felt tempted to smile. "But there was more than that. I had tact."

"Oh, come now, Mumples! You had tact? You? I'm—well, I'm—"

"I had tact, Jeremy." She spoke with overpowering solidity. "I was there when he wanted me, and when he didn't want me I wasn't there, Sibylla."

"Didn't he always want you?" Brother and sister put the question simultaneously, but with a quite different intention.

"No, not always, dears.—Is that your foot on my table? Take it off this instant, Jeremy!"

"Quite a few thousand years ago there was no difference between a foot and a hand, Mumples. You needn't be so fussy about it." Sibylla got up and walked to the window. From it the lights in Grantley's dining-room were visible.

"I haven't seen him for ten years," Mrs. Mumples went on, "and you've known that, my dear, though you've said nothing—no, not when you'd have liked to have something to throw at me. But I never told you why."

Sibylla left the window and came behind Mrs. Mumples, letting her hand rest on the fat shoulder.

"He broke out at me once, and said he couldn't bear it if I came to see him. It upset him so, and the time wouldn't pass by, and he got thinking how long the time was, and what it all meant. Oh, I can't tell you all he said before he was stopped by the—the man who was there. So I promised him I wouldn't go any more, unless he fell ill or wanted me. They said they'd let me know if he asked for me and was entitled to a visit. But a word has never come to me, and I've never seen him."

She paused and stitched at her work for a minute or two.

"You must leave men alone sometimes," she said.

"But, Mumples, you?" whispered Sibylla. Mrs. Mumples looked up at her, but made no answer. Jeremy flung down his book with an impatient air; he resented the approaches of emotion—especially in himself.

"He'll be old when he comes out—comes back, old and broken; they break quickly there. He won't so much mind my being old

and stout, and he won't think so much of the time when I was young, and he couldn't be with me; and he'll find me easier to live with; my temper's improved a lot these last years, Sibylla."

"You silly old thing!" said Sibylla. But Jeremy welcomed a diversion.

"Rot!" he said. "It's only because you can't sit on us quite so much now. It's not moral improvement; it's simply impotence, Mumples."

Mrs. Mumples had risen in the midst of eulogising the improvement of her temper, and now passed by Jeremy, patting his unwilling cheek. She went out, and the next moment was heard in vigorous altercation with their servant as to the defects of certain eggs.

"I couldn't have done that," said Sibylla.

"Improved your temper?"

"No, stayed away."

"No, you couldn't. You never let a fellow alone, even when he's got toothache."

"Have you got it now?" cried Sibylla, darting towards him.

"Keep off! Keep off! I haven't got it, and if I had I shouldn't want to be kissed."

Sibylla broke into a laugh. Jeremy relied his pipe with a secret smile.

"But I do call it fine of Mumples."

"Go and tell her you've never done her justice, and cry," he suggested. "I'm going; up to Imason's now, so you can have it all to yourselves."

"I don't want to cry to-night," Sibylla objected, with a plain hint of mysterious causes for triumph.

Jeremy picked up his cap, showing a studious disregard of any such indications. "You're going up the hill now; I shall sit up for you."

"You'll sit up for me?"

"Yes. Besides, I don't feel at all sleepy to-night."

"I shall, when I come back."

"I shant want to talk."

"Then what will you want? Why are you going to sit up?"

"I've ever so many things to do."

Jeremy's air was weary as he turned away from the inscrutable feminine. While mounting the hill he made up his mind to go to London as soon as he could. A man met men there.

No air of emotion, no atmosphere of overstrained sentiment, hung, even for Jeremy's critical eye, round Grantley Imason's luxurious table and establishment. They suggested rather the ideal of comfort lovingly pursued, a comfort which lay not in gorgeousness or in mere expenditure, but in the delicate adjustment of means to ends and a careful exclusion of anything likely to disturb a dexterously achieved equipoise. Though Jeremy admired the absence of emotion, his rough, vigorous nature was challenged at another point. He felt a touch of scorn that a man should take so much trouble to be comfortable, and should regard the achievement of his object as so meritorious a feat. In various ways everything, from the gymnastic apparatus in the hall to the leg-rest in front of the study fire, sought and subserved the ease and pleasure of the owner. That, no doubt, is what a house should be—just as a man should be well dressed. It is possible, however, to be too much of a dandy. Jeremy found an accusation of unmanliness making its way into his mind; he had to banish it by recalling that, though his host might be fond of elegant lounging, he was a keen sportsman, too, and handled his gun and sat his horse with equal mastery. These virtues appealed to the English public schoolboy and to the amateur of Primitive Man alike, and saved Grantley from condemnation. But Jeremy's feelings escaped in an exclamation:—

"By Jove, you are snug here!"

"I don't pretend to be an ascetic," laughed Grantley, as he stretched his legs out on the leg-rest.

"Evidently."

Grantley looked at him, smiling.

"I don't rough it unless I'm obliged. But I can rough it. I once lived for a week on sixpence a day. I had a row with my governor. He wanted me to give up—"

Well, never mind details. It's enough to serve, Jeremy, that he was quite right and I was quite wrong. I know that now, and I rather fancy I knew it then. However, his way of putting it offended me, and I flung myself out of the house with three-and-six in my pocket. Like the man in Scripture, I couldn't work and I wouldn't beg, and I wouldn't go back to the governor. So it was sixpence a day for a week and very airy lodgings. Then it was going to the recruiting-sergeant; but, as luck would have it, I met the dear old man on the way. I suppose I looked a scarecrow; anyhow, he was broken up about it, and killed the fatted calf—killed it for an unrepentant prodigal. And I could do that again, though I may live in a boudoir."

To be continued.



The Supremacy of the Blouse.

By Mrs. Jack May.



THE DEMI-TOILETTE BLOUSE.

WHAT TO WEAR AND WHEN TO WEAR IT.

THERE is a fool born every minute, and some of them live; so runs an old North Country adage. And fifty per cent. of the feminine fools think they can make a blouse. Now this, forsooth, is strong language, but the object demands straight talking. Accepted in a casual spirit, attacked and worn in a like frame of mind, the blouse, no matter the extravagance of its material, or the wealth of its workmanship, deserves to be cast in the limbo of things ticketed unqualified failures.

Pausing before the persuasion of the demi-toilette blouse, it is pleasurable to remark a finely progressive spirit, one very far removed from the erstwhile poor tentative little effort of spotted net and lace, which was veritably a "Pons Asinorum" to the blouse producer, until comparatively speaking recent days. But all that is changed now, and we are of a consequence carried away into delightful dreams of lovely appliques on chiffon or velvet, commingled with lace, quaint early Victorian effects achieved through the medium of long-shouldered yokes and pelerine berthes, and a host of original diversions. Especially designed to accompany a black taffetas skirt for theatre and quieter restaurant wear was a creation of white chiffon veiled in black, set on to a shoulder yoke of fine cream lace, that resolved either side the front into two medallions, which appeared to lightly gather up the chiffon there. The sleeves, of black chiffon, were immensely bouffant, and terminated at the elbow.

Delightful Model.

A little bolero effect formed of superposed lines of black jet fringe is another charming motif for a demi-toilette blouse, completed by sleeves and chemisette of shirred black tulle.

There is also to be seriously considered, and with the best respect, the décolleté blouse, mostly affected by the younger members of the community, who are counselled to turn their attention quickly, ere it becomes the idol of the populace, to a new ring-spotted net, in a delicious old-world tint, also black, the former asking as a decorative finish the merest soupçon of some delicate colour, such as ciel blue or rose petal pink, in the form of a twisted scarf of chiffon.

An Authoritative Voice.

Discussing the blouse question the other day with Madame Lacy, of 11, Warwick-street, W., whose opinion and taste on the subject I consider second to none, we arrived

at several quite valuable conclusions. Primarily we decided, and definitely, in favour of more handwork being employed. This is almost a fetish with Madame Lacy, who bases a large share of her success on its influence, and I would not venture the slightest protest before so able an understanding. The cause is far too subtle, in fact, for me to define why stitchery compassed by hand or machine has so widely different an effect. That it has is a self-evident fact, and so judges Madame Lacy, who is responsible, by the way, for the two blouses depicted here: the one on the left representing a neat little shirt in a spotted and silk striped delaine, the whole hand-made and exquisitely finished, for 27s.

A recent clever purchase again of some ivory crêpe de Chine, a quite exceptional quality, originally worth I scarcely know how much, was the primary incentive to the companion smart little slip, the crêpe delicately gauged onto a deep yoke of a square-patterned lace appliqué with motifs of fine embroidered lawn. And this Madame Lacy is offering for the modest sum of three guineas.

A most interesting detail in connection with this blouse atelier, is the use of real lace, which to an appreciable amount is secured



Some Desirable Blouses seen at Madame Lacy's.

through exceptional opportunities, and private treaty with Belgium and the low-lying countries generally, where the pillow industry still flourishes in cottages. And the blouse for the moment that is really beautiful, chiefly resolves itself into the perfection of its composing parts.

A Smart Suit.

Messrs. Hart and Son, 184, Regent-street, are costume for the exceedingly stylish little costume illustrated, which was revealed to me in a mole-coloured cloth, relieved by an effective embroidered cloth showing faint colouring of blue, dull red, and green. There is never any question as to the merit of the cut here, while the workmanship emanates from the hands of only the most experienced workmen. Though all this goes without saying of a firm who have turned out a cycling skirt that has never owned a rival, and are at present securing unqualified praise at all hands for a new patent safety habit, which presents as correct an appearance off as on the saddle.

No. 10.—FOR WINTER WEAR.

CONCERNING A NEAT CORSAGE WHICH MAY BE MADE AT HOME.

HOME dressmakers become more and more enterprising, and the girl who never, at one time, attempted more than a shirt after long experience, now boldly attacks a bodice, often with the most satisfactory results.

The secrets of success are, of course, a good pattern, conscientious adherence to it, and care in all the small particulars. And in a bodice of any thick material one of the chief among these particulars is the careful and strenuous pressing of the seams.

For smart occasions the costume bodice is coming more to the fore, and, though we shall certainly never allow it to interfere with the popularity of the invaluable blouse, we like for the sake of attaining extra warmth to have one winter gown with a corsage to match.

A design for a little corsage, most refined and simple in style, will therefore be welcomed by home dress-makers. Our sketch shows it in stone-coloured cloth, with an empicement and gauntlet cuff of guipure lace, both outlined by bands of mole-coloured velvet. For the women, and there are many, who keep to black and white, it would look excellent turned out in black face cloth, with the empicement and cuffs in shepherd's plaid glacé edged with black velvet, which velvet also, by-the-by, should cover the central buttons. That which gives the cachet to the bodice is, without doubt, the graceful design of the empicement, so the material of which it is composed becomes an all important matter. The lace, if such be chosen, must be of a really good quality. One of the embroidered cloths with Oriental effect on



BARGAINS GALORE.

The unexpected, which always happens, has come in the delightful guise of a sale, which commences to-day and lasts three days only; the unexpected note being struck by the event taking place in the Red Room at the Hotel Great Central, Marylebone-road. La Maison Mayer et Cie. are the inaugurators of the affair, and just what marvellous treasures they have contrived to gather together only those who are able to go will be able to fully realise. For no word description can hope to do adequate justice to the recherché dinner gowns mounted on satin that range from five guineas, nor to the exquisite opera wraps, hand painted and beautifully trimmed, many of which have stepped down from twenty-five to eight guineas.

Model blouses, again, and wonderful little chiffon coats are being offered at less than half the wholesale prices, and these, together with the evening gowns, will be altered and made to fit by experienced fitters free of charge. A more completely enchanting opportunity, indeed, it would be impossible to imagine, nor one at the time more thoroughly apropos, taking into consideration the immediately festive season.

a cream ground would also look very well; or perhaps more seasonable material would be the new moleskin velvet, with its rich and becoming shirred effect.

Assuming that lace is selected, this should be mounted over a foundation of soft silk or chiffon, either white or the colour of the cloth, according to taste. Then if a strip of fine muslin be laid all round the edge, there is something steady whercon to attach the velvet. In fact such a simple empicement as this can quite well be fashioned entirely apart, and merely attached to the bodice by firm slip stitches worked from the back.

Quantity of double width cloth, 2½ yards; lace, 1½ yards; velvet, ¾ of a yard. Flat pattern, 6½d.; tacked up, 1s. 6½d.

"DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns will be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d., or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are dispatched at the earliest possible moment.



This picture hat is in grey felt, plumed with feathers shading from grey to brown at the tips; a brown velvet band encircling the crown pressed through a severe gilt buckle.



A Mole-coloured Cloth Costume.

SKETCHED AT MESSRS. HART AND SON'S.

Can You Play this Deal? Prizes for Bridge Players.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST BERGHOLT.

To-day we issue the NINTH COUPON.

Those who have not yet entered for the Tournament should procure copies of the *Daily Mirror* for Nov. 20, 24, 26, 28, and Dec. 1 (which contain the eight previous coupons); and send in all the nine together, carefully observing the rules which follow. Those who have already sent in Coupons 1 to 8 have now to forward the coupon on this page.

♥ £150 TO BE GIVEN AWAY. ♥

Everybody who can play a game of Bridge can enter for the Tournament. The entrance fee is a mere trifle, and the prospective gain is very large. If you sit down to play a friendly rubber you may hold such bad cards that you necessarily lose, despite all your endeavours. But in the play of our coupons it does not matter whether you win or lose points; if the hand is played simply, straightforwardly, and well, you will win a prize.

* THE CASH PRIZES. *

The proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* offer, as a free gift, the sum of

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

One hundred pounds of this and the whole of the entrance fees received from the competitors will be divided among those who send in the best set or sets of replies to the complete series of coupons. If two or more competitors tie, the money will be divided equally among them. The remaining

◊ FIFTY POUNDS ◊

will be distributed in consolation prizes among the unsuccessful competitors. Beginners need not be afraid to enter. Many experts will fail through hunting for difficulties which do not exist.

* THE RULES. *

1. Each competitor must cut out the diagrams, sign them at foot with full name and address, add the nom de guerre (r initials which it is desired to use, pin the diagrams to the replies, and enclose the whole in an envelope, addressed to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., accompanied by a postal order for one shilling, crossed Barclay and Co.

There will only be one such entrance fee payable by each competitor during the whole of the Tournament.

2. The Tournament is open to both men and women.

3. New competitors may enter at any time during the progress of the Tournament; but in such case a complete set of diagrams from the beginning must always be enclosed with the entrance fee.

4. The outside of the envelope must be legibly marked above the address: "*Daily Mirror* Bridge Tournament." Reasons for, or explanations of the play may be given, but no other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, queries on points of Bridge

play, suggestions, reports of hands dealt, etc., must invariably be sent under separate cover.

5. Each coupon must be accompanied by one mode of play only, as the competitor may decide. A competitor may send in as many complete sets of coupons as he or she likes, distinguishing each separate set by some letter or mark, and forwarding a P.O. for one shilling with the first coupon (or first batch of coupons) of each set. The reprint of a coupon need be taken no notice of by a competitor who has already sent in his or her

reply to that coupon. Each complete set will be considered independently, but no single competitor shall be entitled to more than one share of the prize money.

6. In all matters admitting of reasonable doubt the decision of the Bridge Editor (which will be given with the strictest impartiality) must be accepted as final.

7. No person in the employ of, or connected with the publication of, the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete.

8. The above rules are subject to modification or correction before the competition closes.

Competitors are urged to send in their entries as early as possible.

Back numbers can always be obtained through newsgents, or facsimile diagrams will be sent by the Bridge Editor on receipt of two penny stamps per diagram.

December 14 is the last day on which solutions from Great Britain will be received, but sufficient extra time will be allowed for residents in Ireland, the Channel Islands, and Europe.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

♥ THE SIMPLEX RECORD. ♥

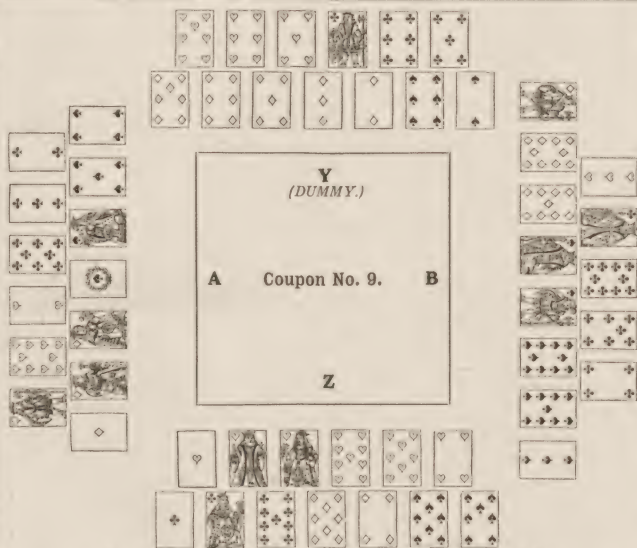
Many readers desirous of rewriting their early plays on the new simplex forms have asked that their coupons may be returned to them. 'This is quite unnecessary.' By having already sent in the coupons with postal order, solvers have complied with our conditions. If they wish to write out their plays afresh on the printed forms (in doing which they may correct or revise them), all that need be done is to enclose the new plays to be substituted for the old ones, which will be destroyed. Each sheet of the Simplex Record has a space provided at foot for name, address, and pseudonym; and these particulars must, of course, be carefully entered.

* KEEP TO THE RULES. *

In spite of our having called special attention in every issue to the conditions, we still continue to receive solutions with coupons omitted, or with name, etc., not filled in. Such solutions will of necessity be disqualified.

◊ SOLVERS MUST CHOOSE FOR THEMSELVES. ◊

"G." (Oxford) "would like to know if, when in doubt, he may be guided by Hellepont's manual of Bridge?" Any manual may be referred to, at the competitor's discretion; the main point being to make clear what system is being followed. This can be effected by brief comments, where requisite.



Score: Love all. Z deals and declares Hearts. A leads ♠ K.

Write out in some convenient form what you consider to be the correct play of the above deal. The cards are not to be played as if they were all known, but just as they would fall in an ordinary game. Dummy's (Y's) hand being the only one laid face upwards on the table. The object is not to make YZ win extra tricks—to which they are not fairly entitled—through the mistakes of A and B; but to record the play and the result, on the understanding that each player is to do his best, so far as he knows the cards.

State legibly at the head of your reply the total number of tricks won by Y and Z.

Name Nom de Guerre
Address Initials

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD STREET, W.

USEFUL PRESENTS.

Fitted Dressing Bags and Cases, from 58s. 6d. to £30.



No. 488.



No. 540. Gent's CIGAR & CIGARETTE CASES, in Pigskin, Crocodile, Lizard, and Seal. Cigarette Cases:

Plain. 6/11. 9/11. 10/6. 14/6. 15/11. 17/6. 18/6. 21/-.

No. 488. Lady's DRESSING CASE. 13-in. Brown Hide Leather, lined throughout. Moiré Silk, engraved Hall-marked Silver-mounted Bottles, real Ebony Brushes, Mirror, Button-look, Glove-stretchers, Curling Lamp and Tonges, &c., &c., £24 15s.

15-in. ditto £25 18s. 6d.

Very light weight.

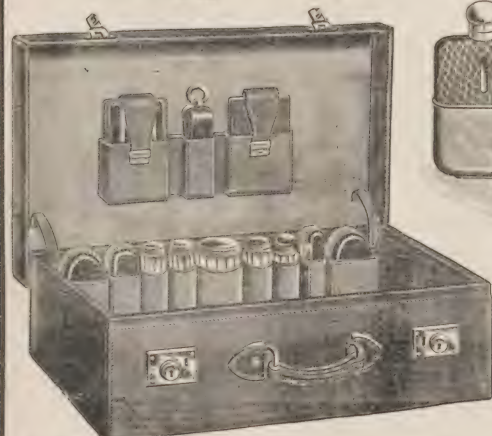


No. 524. Gentlemen's Silver-plated FLASKS, with Cup.

Crocodile. 12/11. 15/11. 15/6. 17/6.

Pigskin. 11/9. 12/9. 14/11. 16/11.

Russia. 10/6. 11/9. 13/9. 15/11.

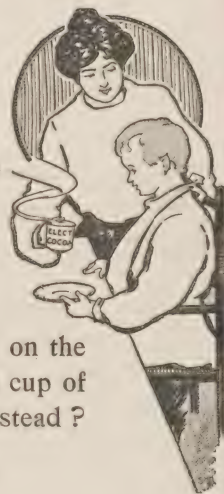


No. 401. Gentlemen's 24-in. Brown Leather SUIT CASE, lined Leather, fitted Hall-marked Silver-mounted Toilet Bottles, Real Ebony Brushes, 2 Razors, Strop, and Cutlery, etc., etc., London-made. £34 18s. 6d.

22-in. ditto, with Satiwood Brushes and Nickel Bottles, London-made. £25 10s.

"What do you think of it?"

Have you tried a cup of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa just before retiring? Do you ever take a cup in the forenoon when you feel you need a light nourishment?



When other beverages pall on the appetite, do you ever try a cup of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa instead?

What do you think of it?

Rowntree's

ELECT COCOA

"Isn't it delicious, and so economical!"



A New Vogue for the Horticulturist.

THE CACTUS CRAZE.

Almost the cactus has found its way into favour again, and has demonstrated how in horticulture, as in so many other arts and sciences, fashion moves in cycles, and things, styles, and systems that are hopelessly out of date in one decade achieve a vogue in the next.

For instance, it is between sixty and seventy years ago since the cactus was at the zenith of its fame. In the early Victorian era it was no uncommon thing for specimens of the Echinocactus to be sold for thirty guineas apiece. Gradually the orchid, with its many costly species, ousted it from the pride of place, and then the "natural gardening" fraternity drove the final nail into the coffin of the cactus by labelling it exotic and unnatural.

But the cactus after a period of comparative oblivion is again going to receive some well-deserved attention at the hands of plant-lovers of all classes and both sexes. Even last year there were demands for plants of this curious type, and that demand has of late greatly increased.

The Cactus at Kew.

Even when the cactus is not in bloom it is an interesting plant on account of its shape, which is more than can be said for many plants that are allowed to exhibit their transient glories in our greenhouses and windows. Anyone who has visited Kew Gardens, where there is a splendid collection, will be able to endorse this statement, and will readily understand that such a collection, particularly of the giant kinds, would form an interesting, and, on moonlight nights, a weird addition to the attractions of any garden that has glass accommodation to spare for them.

Apart from the attraction of their novelty in special houses devoted to them, there are

at least a dozen varieties, beautiful and curious alike in flower and form, that can be grown without difficulty in the window of a boudoir, a dining-room, or, in fact, anywhere in the town or country house where a reasonable amount of sunshine is available.

The Loveliest Blossoms.

Among the favourites and those that are most easy to cultivate are two of the Cereus family, the Torch Thistle cactus and the Rat's Tail cactus. The former has particularly beautiful crimson and violet flowers, and the latter blossoms of a deep rose pink. At least half a dozen of the Phyllocacti flourish well with window culture, the varieties *Albus Superbus*, with its ivory-white blossoms, and *Jenkinsoni*, bearing cherry-coloured flowers, being particularly noteworthy and worthy of care. All these have been much grown lately, and, with *Echinopsis Oxygonia*, appear to have the pride of place among cultivators.

One of the beauties of the cactus is that just now, during its period of rest, it requires but little attention in the way of watering, yet is always attractive, because of its many unconventionalities of shape. Furthermore, as this family of plants grow in their native countries under the most infertile conditions the smallest possible pot of soil is sufficient for their needs, hence they are valuable economisers of space.

THE GIPSY'S SECRET.

HOW TO WHILE AWAY A DULL EVENING.

A FAMOUS gipsy, who was regarded as one of the greatest card readers of her age, enjoyed a reputation for her clever predictions as to the realisation of her clients' wishes. A short time before the old Romany

died, she divulged her secret of reading the cards. As a means of harmless entertainment for winter evenings, her methods may now be disclosed.

Shall I Obtain my Wish?

To ascertain whether your wish will be realised, shuffle the cards well, or the result will be unsatisfactory. In order to work out the celebrated secret, begin at the left-hand corner, and not at the right. After shuffling, run the pack out by placing a card on each of the four corners. Keep this up until the last card has been laid down.

The Excitement Begins.

Take up the first little pile of cards. Take off card after card till you come to an ace. Then lay the cards you have lifted to one side. Next take up the second or upper left-hand corner pile, and place upon the ace and other cards you are holding in your hand. Do not put them underneath, but right on top, and against the ace. Now lift off the upper cards till you come to an ace. Lay the lifted cards to one side, just as you did before. Sometimes it happens that the top card of one of the little piles is an ace. In that case place them on top of those you hold in your hand, and go on to the next pile.

The Excitement Increases.

When you have gone through all four piles, distribute them again into three little packs, and do not touch those cards you have previously laid aside. Go through the same process of card shedding, and only stop when you come to an ace. Having done this, distribute them into two little packs. The object of this card-piling is to bring all the aces of the pack together. If you succeed in doing this, your wish will positively come true!

The Critical Moment.

Having distributed the cards for the third time, and gone through the final process of card shedding, you will find that the cards have resolved themselves into one small heap. Now comes the critical moment when your fate hangs in the balance. Should nothing but aces remain, then your wish is bound to come true. If the wish card, the nine of hearts, is in the pile, then there is a reasonable prospect of obtaining your desire. But should two dark cards be included among those that remain your luck is doomed, and you will fail to obtain your wish.

SIMPLE DISHES.

No. 92.—CURRIED EGGS.

INGREDIENTS:—Six hard-boiled eggs, one small onion, one ounce of butter, one tablespoonful of curry powder, one teaspoonful of flour, one pint of milk.

Slice the onion very finely and fry it in the butter until a pale brown, then add to it the curry powder, and fry it again for four minutes. Next stir in the flour, then add the milk gradually, taking care to mix it in smoothly. Bring the sauce to the boil, stirring it all the time. Cut the hard-boiled eggs neatly in half, put them in the curry sauce, and simmer it gently from ten to twelve minutes. Serve them on a hot dish, with a border of nicely boiled rice round.

To boil the Rice.—Put it in a strainer and wash it well under the cold water tap. Then throw it into a pan containing plenty of fast-boiling salted water, and let it boil till the rice is just tender.

Cost about 1s. 4d. for six portions.

No. 93.—SHREWSBURY CAKES.

INGREDIENTS:—Quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of castor sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful of grated lemon rind, half a pound of flour, a few currants or caraway seeds if liked.

Put the sugar and butter in a basin and beat them till they look like whipped cream. Then add to them

the egg and lemon rind and beat them a little longer. Sieve the flour and add it lightly to the mixture. Turn the paste on to a floured board, roll it out as thin as possible, then stamp it out in small rounds with a plain or fancy cutter. Lay these rounds on a greased baking tin, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Cost 7d. for eighteen or more cakes.

No. 94.—TURBOT A LA SAVOY.

INGREDIENTS:—Three pounds of turbot, quarter of a pound of picked shrimps, two ounces of butter, one egg and one yolk, half a pint of cold water, one anchovy essence, lemon juice, salt and cayenne to taste.

Wash the fish, then remove the bone without dividing the upper and lower parts of the fish, so that the flesh forms a kind of bag in which to put the stuffing. The small side bones will have to be left in.

Pound the shrimps in a mortar. Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour smoothly, then add the water, and stir it over the fire till the paste can be rolled about in the pan without sticking to it. Add this "panada" to the shrimps and mix them well together. Then add to this mixture the eggs, anchovy essence, lemon juice, salt, and cayenne. Spread this stuffing over the inside of the fish. Press

the sides of fish neatly together. Lay it on a buttered tin and bake in a moderate oven twenty-five minutes. Serve it masked with white sauce, and garnish with chilies.

Cost 5s. for eight portions.

No. 95.—CRECY SOUP.

INGREDIENTS:—Four ounces of uncooked ham, two ounces of butter, three pints of stock, two onions, four sticks of celery, six large carrots, salt and pepper, one teaspoonful of castor sugar, a gill of cream.

Melt the butter in a saucepan. Prepare the onion and celery, cut them in slices, and add them to the butter. Wash and scrape the carrots; cut off the red part and add it to the butter, also the ham cut in small pieces. Put the lid on the pan and let it cook ten minutes, then add the stock and cook the whole till the vegetables are soft.

Next strain out the vegetables and rub them through a sieve. Put them back in the pan with the stock, and bring it to the boil, skimming off all grease.

Let the soup cook gently for ten minutes, then add the sugar, salt, and pepper to taste, and lastly the cream (this may be omitted if preferred). Serve in a hot tureen.

Cost 1s. 8d. for six portions.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Filleted Whiting. Shrimp Omelet.
Scrambled Eggs.
Kidney Cakes. Fried Sausages.
Collared Head.

LUNCH.

Scotch Broth. Oyster Patties.
Baked and Stuffed Haddock.
Anchovy Sauce.
Mutton Cutlets with Spinach.
*Curried Eggs. Apple Tart.
Cheese Custard.

COLD DISHES.

Veal and Ham. Pigeon Pie.
Spiced Beef.

TEA.

Muffins. Cress Sandwiches.
*Shrewsbury Cakes. Coffee Eclair.
Seed Cake.

DINNER.

*Crécy Soup. Vermicelli Soup.

FISH.

*Turbot à la Savoy. Oysters au Naturel.

ENTRÉE.

Veal Cutlets à la Provençale.
Braised Oxtail with Olives.

ROAST.

Chickens, Bread Sauce.
Hind-quarter of Mutton.

GAME.

Timbale of Partridge.
Roast Plovers with Cranberry Sauce.

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes Saute.
Cauliflower with Hollandaise Sauce.

DESSERT.

Apricots à la Colbert. Orange Croûtes.
Savouries.
Cheese Tartlets. Smoked Cod's Roe Toast.

ICE.

Peach Ice Cream.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.



THE DAILY TIME-SAVER.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish.		
Brill.	Dory.	Plaice.
Soles.	Whiting.	Hake.
Whitebait.	Red Mullet.	Haddocks.
Eels.	Oysters.	Lobsters.
Prawns.		
Poultry and Game.		
Turkeys.	Geese.	Fowls.
Rabbits.	Pigeons.	Ducks.
Pheasants.	Partridges.	Grouse.
Quails.	Snipe.	Wild Duck.
Meat.		
Pork.	Beef.	Mutton.
Veal.		
Vegetables.		
Cabbages.	Carrots.	Cauliflowers.
Celery.	Celeriac.	Cucumbers.
Parsnips.	Turnips.	Salsify.
Asparagus.	Artichokes.	Seakale.
	Tomatoes.	

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Apples. Bananas. Russian Cranberries.
Italian Figs. Grapes. Green Ginger.
Lyches. Mandarins. Pears.
Pomegranates. Nuts of all kinds.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table.
Carnations. Narcissus.
Mixed Foliage.
White Hyacinths. Roses.
Mimosa. Tuberoses.
English and Parma Violets.
French Fern. Smilax.
Cut Flowers and Plants in Pots.
Mermet Roses. Marguerites.
Chrysanthemums.
Cape Gooseberry. Heaths.
Asplenium and Maidenhair Ferns.
Azaleas.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 27.—TURBOTIN PRINCE DE GALLES.

By M. COSTE, Chef of the Hotel Cecil.

Braise a 4-lb turbotin in Châlis, to which add good seasoning. Fry one dozen fresh soft roes in butter, add the sauce from the fish which should have been reduced by half, put in a little curry powder, pass through a sieve, add a little cream, spread all over fish.

GARNITURE:—Oysters fried à la Villeroy. Potato croquettes mixed with Beurre d'Ecrevass.

MEMORANDA FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Tuesday evening.



When the Teeth are cleaned with Odol the whole mouth is rejuvenated as the body is by a bath.

Price 1/6 a Flask, 2/6 a large Bottle, to be obtained of all Chemists.

Are You Nervous?

When you are Despondent, Irritable, Restless, Languid, Nervous and Depressed; are easily discouraged, and the minor worries of life trouble you,

Guy's Tonic

is the Remedy that will strengthen the Nerves, brighten the Spirits, induce refreshing Sleep, remove Depression, and impart a keen sense of Complacency and Determination—the result of greater Nervous Vitality.

To those suffering from depressed Nervous Force, consequent upon Mental or Physical Overwork, Anxiety or Debility in any form, Guy's Tonic is a veritable boon. It gives a feeling of Elasticity and Strength to the System, and is the most successful Tonic and Restorative Medicine known. Guy's Tonic is sold by all Chemists at 12½d. per Bottle.

Don't

take cold,

TAKE

BOVRIL

You may find what you are looking for among the Small Advertisements on this and the next two pages.

Advertisements of

DOMESTIC SERVANTS REQUIRING SITUATIONS, EMPLOYERS REQUIRING DOMESTIC SERVANTS, ARTICLES FOR SALE AND WANTED, APARTMENTS FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED, HOUSES AND FLATS TO LET AND WANTED, MISCELLANEOUS AND PRIVATE ANNOUNCEMENTS, are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., between the hours of 10 and 7, for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/6, 1/4d. each word afterwards. Advertisements can be left at the Offices, or they can be sent by post, when they must be accompanied by Postal Orders (stamps will not be accepted) crossed **BARCLAY & CO.**

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a Box Department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

The Domestic Bureau which the "Daily Mirror" has opened at 45 and 46, New Bond Street, for the benefit of mistress and maid, has undertaken the task of verifying references; but, while every care is taken, obviously no absolute guarantee can be given. Advertisers in the "Daily Mirror" are entitled to use the "Daily Mirror" Bureau, which is open from 10 to 5, without any charge.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Menservants.

A Indoor Servant in country; middle age; disengaged.—By, Ipswich, Kent. 2462
BUTLER; with assistance; single; age 44; good character.—L. G., 39, Infield-road, S.W. 3446
BUTLER requires situation; age 32; £60; height 5 feet; understands hunting, shooting, and fishing; good valet.—Write M. 2, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2305
BUTLER requires situation for three months; age 32; 30s. per week; good valet; used to travelling.—Write M. 3, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2306
FOOTMAN (first); disengaged; age 26; £38; Write M. 1, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3429
Head or Hall Porter; age 31; disengaged; good references.—Write T. 613, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Chefs.

CHEF; age 40; £2 weekly; good references.—Write T. 612, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.
CHEF (experienced); age 24; excellent references; 50s. weekly; disengaged.—Write T. 602, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Cooks.

COOK (experienced), age 45; £26-30; short references.—Write T. 54, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.
COOK; first-class; disengaged now.—Write T. 50, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.
COOK (good) seeks situation; age 30; £27; E. C., 13, Cambridge-place, Paddington. 3427

SITUATIONS WANTED.

COOK (plain); age 30; £24-26; good references; business house.—Write T. 616, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.
COOK (good plain), desires temporary place; £12-15s. weekly; highly recommended.—Write T. 63, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.
COOK-GENERAL (good); wait table evening; well recommended.—Upper part 35, Caville-gardens, W. 3577
COOK (good, plain); disengaged now.—Write R. O., 112, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3576
PROFESSOR COOK, for dinners, ball supper; excellent references.—Write T. 39, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Stillroom Maid.

STILLROOM-MAID; age 24; £20-22; good references.—Write T. 611, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Housekeepers.

HOUSEKEEPER (working); disengaged; age 39; £18-20.—Write T. 74, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.
WIDOW, with excellent references, seeks situation as housekeeper.—Write T. 49, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Companions.

COMPANION-HOUSEKEEPER, desires situation; £24; plain cooking.—Write T. 64, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.
COMPANION.—Lady wishes situation; would travel.—Write L. 1, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3462

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Parlourmaids.

DAILEDY Work as Parlour or Housemaid; must sleep out.—Write T. 43, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID, age 23; £20; disengaged, December 21.—Write T. 44, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Lady's Maids.

AS Lady's Maid or Maid Companion; age 27; good needlewoman and milliner; experienced traveller and packer; £25; good temper and reliable.—H. T. K., Express-mansions, Clapham, S.W.
LADY'S MAID, age 38; £20-23; good needlewoman and packer.—Write T. 38, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

LADY'S MAID; good packer and needlewoman; £20.—Write T. 65, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

USEFUL Maid to elderly lady; good needlewoman, dressmaker.—45, Viceroy-road, Leyton, Essex. 3461

Governesses.

GOVERNESS, French (experienced); good references.—Write T. 61, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

GOVERNESS (French); age 20; £26-30; school or home.—Write T. 51, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

GOVERNESS, North German; good music and drawing.—Write T. 45, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

GOVERNESS, Swiss, disengaged; well educated; good references.—Write T. 56, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

GOVERNESS, thorough; English, French, Latin, and music.—Write T. 53, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

NURSERY Governess (lady recommends); capable of looking after 10.—Miss Payne, Broadway, Hayward's Heath. 3464

NURSERY GOVERNESS; thoroughly experienced; £20-24.—Write T. 62, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Nurses.

CAPTAIN NOEL CONY, Grenadier Guards, 12, Eaton-terrace, wishes to strongly recommend his children's nurse to take charge of one or two young children or baby from month; she is an exceptionally good nurse; requires nurserymaid. 3422

HEAD-NURSE disengaged; £45; good references.—Write T. 72, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY Nurse; age 38; £20-30; no uniform; disengaged.—Write S. 52, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2377

UNDER NURSE, disengaged; age 18; £15; good references.—Write T. 66, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

WANTED, Situation, to take charge of a little girl and sewing.—Flora Hayes, Gygene, Ashby-road, Longborough. 3552

Chambermaids.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; £18; age 30; good references.—Write T. 629, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 25; good references; £18-20.—Write T. 628, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 29; £16-18; good references.—Write T. 627, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 27; £16-18; good references.—Write T. 626, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; £16-18; age 23; good references; 15s-16s. weekly.—Write T. 625, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 28; good references; £16-18.—Write T. 624, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; disengaged; age 28; £18-20; good references.—Write T. 623, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 27; £16-18; good references; now disengaged.—Write T. 622, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID, disengaged; £15; age 32; good references.—Write T. 607, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Housemaids.

HEAD-HOUSEMAID desires temporary post or casual; caretaker; 15s-16s. weekly.—Write T. 67, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

HOUSEMAID; disengaged December 19th; £18-20; age 22.—Write T. 57, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL MAID for country; age 35; £20; disengaged.—Write T. 56, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL MAID; age 20; £20-24; town; disengaged December 9th.—Write T. 55, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL HELP (lady); plain cooking; £18-20.—Write T. 73, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL MAID to elderly lady; no salary.—S. 25, Lewin-road, Stoke Newington. 2312

Waitresses.

WAITRESS; disengaged; age 25; £16-18; good references.—Write T. 610, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

WAITRESS (hotel); age 25; £18-20; good references.—Write T. 609, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Clubs, Hotels, and Boarding Houses.

COOK (experienced); age 35; good references; £30; hotel.—Write T. 613, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK (good); age 40; £35-40; hotel or boarding-house.—Write T. 620, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK, hotel or club; age 39; £35; good references.—Write T. 619, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK, hotel, club, or private; age 40; 10s-15s. weekly.—Write T. 618, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK (hotel experienced); £1 weekly; age 40; 45s. weekly.—Write T. 617, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; £20-25.—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOTEL PORTER, good references, disengaged now.—Write T. 42, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOTEL PORTER; good references; age 21.—Write T. 605, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOTEL PORTER; age 28; good references; 12s-18s. weekly.—Write T. 605, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

PORTER or Billiard Marker; age 31; good references; £6.—Write T. 606, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

WAITER or Waitress; age 29; good references; 10s-12s. weekly.—Write T. 604, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

WAITER or Indoor Servant; age 24; £28-30; excellent references.—Write T. 601, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XXVII.

Continued.

MARTIA said nothing. Certain things were becoming clear to her. She remembered the train journey, and Christian Morning's sudden agitation when she had said that Claudia was unhappy. Now that she knew they were old friends it was so simple; and she wondered what was going to happen, and whether a fresh blow were destined to be struck at Lady Dexter's social ambition, for, of course, from her point of view, such a marriage would be worse than suicide.

"Oh, but it's no good talking to you, Martia," her ladyship went on. She had replaced her handkerchief, for which the girl felt devoutly thankful, and there was a certain glittering light in her eyes, as if what she was saying gave her a queer sort of pleasure.

"And there is something else I want to say to you. You'll forgive me, I hope; I am really your friend, and in your husband's absence—"

"What is it?" asked the girl.

"Well, do you think it is wise to be seen about with Colonel Joscelyn? Please don't glare at me! I am only speaking for your good. You drive with him, and—"

"What do you mean, Lady Dexter?" Martia's voice was ominously calm.

"My dear Martia, you are incomprehensible. In our world we don't put the dots on our 'Is.' What I say is that people will naturally think you are very friendly with Colonel Joscelyn. You are young and thoughtless; your husband is at the other end of the world. It isn't wise, my dear. He is not a man one can be seen about with. To begin with, there is that Detmold affair, his resignation; but that's nothing, I mean it is not so important; he has always had the same reputation. My dear, men like that don't change." The Countess lowered her voice to a confidential whisper. "They say there is a woman at the Hotel de Paris—"

She stopped very suddenly. Martia's eyes blazed. She had not shown such indignation at the hint as to the future failing of her husband's love.

"Please don't go on!" she said, in a very quiet voice. "I am tired of it all. I don't want to hear any more. It is the fashion to run down Colonel Joscelyn just now. I don't believe what you say. And even if it be true, it has nothing to do with you or with me. If he chose—"

"Martia!" Lady Dexter at that moment might have sat for the portrait of respectability.

The girl bit her lip. She did not know why she had said that. She did not know what she meant. It was merely the reaction against this never-ending gossip about the man who, whatever he might be, had held sacred her honour, and had saved her from dire catastrophe.

Just then Jacqueline appeared; Baron Stein von Wald folded up his newspaper, and declared that they had only just time to catch the train at the central station. So they had a cab called, and drove away.

Paul Joscelyn met them at Monte Carlo station.

They walked up to Ciro's at once through the fairy-like gardens and ate a luncheon which cost the Colonel nothing under three hundred francs. Martia was in her element; she adored luxury. Here she felt that no man or woman could have a single care in the world. She wished with all her heart that Philip were there. Once—only once—she thought of him undergoing hardships, perhaps wounded, ill; and she shuddered. It only served to heighten the magical unreality of life as it is lived in Monte Carlo.

Immediately afterwards they went down to the Rooms.

Jacqueline walked ahead with the young Bavarian; she was particularly piquante that day; her white frock sat tightly on her lissom figure, her dark, mobile face was eloquent of the joy of life; her strange black eyes that knew things without learning them smiled alluringly into the Baron's face.

Martia was silent, somewhat distraite. She had forgotten that she was a chaperon; she was uneasy. Against her will, Lady Dexter's words kept ringing in her ears—"There is a woman at the Hotel de Paris—" Like all women, absolutely pure because of the satisfaction and the happiness that they had found in marriage, the hint contained in such words as Lady Dexter's troubled her. As a matter of fact, the accusation was false, made by a woman who had heard it rumoured, and who believed that nothing she might say about Paul Joscelyn could matter.

Just as they neared the end of the gardens opposite the Casino, and the fragrance of a great bed of flowers was wafted up to Martia's nostrils, a victoria dashed past them, drawn by a couple of swift-travelling horses. A woman sat in it alone; she was radiantly beautiful, wrapped to the chin in white furs, for there

was a chill in the air. She had the face of an angel, and the knowledge of all evil was in her eyes. She was such a woman as you see very often in the little white town—the holy of holies of the Temple of Pleasure. It is the Temple of Pleasure, or Despair, just as you happen to have won money, or to have lost it, in the white Casino.

Martia was shaken with a sudden pang of nervous apprehension; she dreaded to see Paul Joscelyn recognise this woman in some subtle way. She felt that this might be the woman at the Hotel de Paris—and that there was no room for the two of them in the same place.

She did look furtively at the Colonel, and she saw recognition in his eyes, and a sudden flame that was hatred. She felt herself flushing scarlet, as one who has discovered a shameful secret; she had seen the dark look, but it did not confuse her, for she understood that a man may love with one part of his nature, and hate with another. But she had mistaken the hatred; for it was of a kind that she did not understand.

Others, lounging by the fragrant flower-beds, had seen the gloriously beautiful woman in the victoria.

"Who is she?" a man asked.

"Madame la Princesse Petronoff," his friend answered.

She was the woman who had ruined Paul Joscelyn's brother, and sent him to his death; but Martia did not know this.

They went into the gaming-rooms. They were hot, but still tolerable, for the trains had not yet come in that brought the throngs from Nice and Beaulieu and Mentone, those who came to watch and, at most, to punt a little.

All the regular gamblers were in their places. Martia found a seat, and was extremely lucky. Colonel Joscelyn stood behind her and begged her constantly to come away.

At last she complied; she was flushed, and her eyes glittered. She had entirely forgotten Jacqueline and Baron Stein von Wald.

"I have won five thousand francs," she said, drawing a deep breath, as they emerged into the open air.

"I hate to see you play," he retorted almost savagely.

"You are like all men!" she said merrily. "You want all the good things of life for yourself."

"What would your husband say?" he asked.

"Ah, that's just what you don't understand. Philip doesn't care what I do as long as I enjoy myself; marriage improves a man."

"I should like my wife to enjoy herself—but differently."

"Ah, yes!" Her laugh was mocking.

"Telling fairy tales to her children, I suppose."

"And watching the sunset. But not in there."

"It's different, you see. You are so rich; your wife would not need to gamble."

"Need!" His voice was shocked and eager, and had quite lost its languid tones. "You don't mean that you—"

"Oh, nonsense!" she said quickly. "Let us go for a walk!"

"On the terrace?"

"No, I can't bear the pigeon-shooting. It upsets me. It spoils the place."

"But you don't mind the face of a man who has lost the last penny he has in the world?"

"Bah!" she said easily. "He has reason, and that estimable thing we call free will! The pigeon hasn't. Besides, it isn't even sport; if they are missed they fly back, poor things!"

The Colonel did not defend the pigeon slaughterers. He had seen too much true sport himself in all parts of the world to care about that travesty which makes hideous with broken wings and battered little feathered bodies the most glorious prospect, perhaps, in the world.

"Come and have some tea," he said.

They walked over to the Café de Paris. Martia chose iced coffee; the red-coated band was playing a rag-time tune; there was a wonderful array of costumes; picturesque Arabs stalked about, selling embroideries.

In the throng that crowded the small tables the two were lost. Right at the other end Martia espied Jacqueline and Baron Stein von Wald. The girl waved her hand.

"I had forgotten them," Martia said. She thought the German looked gloomy. He had a handsome, but solid face, with a bristling fair moustache, and deep, hard-thinking eyes. Jacqueline looked radiant as she smiled at Martia and wickedly raised her jet black brows that almost met over the delicately-arched bridge of her nose.

"I am afraid you are not a very good chaperon," the Colonel said, with his little half smile. "Does it matter in this case?"

"Lady Dexter is very particular."

"And the young lady quite capable of taking care of herself. When is your husband coming back?" he asked abruptly.

To be Continued to-morrow.

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